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ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE FOR WOMEN

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

LORIA

in this issue . . .

Pilgrimage 1950 . . . the scientists rediscover
God . . . W. H. Auden, a new voice . . . and
voices of "this golden age" . . . fiction as
strange as truth . . . all this and whittlings too!

autumn, 1949

v 24 #1



fall 1949

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September In Silver

*A windless morning
Cold, clear, crisp . . . mountain air . . .
The curving, fir-lined road,
Sentinel trees, throwing long, impressive shadows . . .
And below this gentle hill,
A Pond
Still, sheer, settled, as to form ice.
Silent whispers of mist
Stream close to, . . . touch, . . . black lake surface;
As the eight o'clock sun gathers
Intensity,
Gradually dissolves the mist,
And our lake talks back
To the sun.*

Anne M. Billings



This *Golden Age*

"The poetry of the 'modern' school, with its emphasis upon freedom of expression and of metrical movement, has at last become worthy of recognition as great art. The golden age of American verse is truly upon us." This quotation is taken from the Preface of a small book of verse recently published by Adelaide Saphron of New York City. She has chosen what she considers to be the best work of several of our contemporary poets and picks out salient points for discussion and analysis, emphasizing the features which she believes contribute to their greatness.

The first of these poems that I have chosen is a frolicsome piece called "Jungle Dance." It was written by Hearin Bels.

*Dodging, swerving, leaping,
Crouching, curving, sinking,
Here—— lights, flares, glares,
There—— shades and
shadows deep.*

Of this poem Miss Saphron says: "The action words emphasize the savage and primitive outlines of the picture. The mood alternates between wildness and gentleness . . . Notice the contrast between the lights of the fires and the darkness of the surrounding night. You can almost hear the beat of the tom-toms and the rhythmical stamp of bare feet on the hard, brown earth. It is truly magnificent."

Another poem in this collection is one entitled "Paper Dolls." The au-

thor, Bebe Edlam, is a young college student. The verse consists of several unrhymed stanzas with a repetition of the following short chorus after every stanza.

*Snip, snap, see—— they grow.
One two three and
on and on.
Snip, snip, snip.*

It ends in this abrupt fashion:

*Twins—— Siamese twins by
head and foot——
See; —— ha!*

Adelaide Saphron calls this "the picture of carefree childhood."

The third poem I will use is noted for its lack of punctuation. The ideas run into one another in the style of a dream sequence. Huge Holinhead is the poet. His selection is called "Semi-contract."

*Left up and over he goes
not Judas
One unlike yet seems
the dark starts early
Yes over of course of
course why not
There it is the victor's
wreath is sharp
(Over to the curb Bub)*

Adelaide Saphron calls this her favorite poem because of the intellectual depths reached by the poet. The unconventionality has a great appeal for her. She explains that

the theme of the poem is a universal one—man's conflict with everyday realities and his struggle to overcome mental, emotional, and social barriers to success. Holinhead's repetition of the words 'of course' draws our attention to the poet's comparison of the race for glory with the ordinary occurrences of a horse race. In this way he brings an abstract idea to the realm of the concrete for approval and approbation . . . His truly a great mind."


The last of these selections may be compared to the great Nature poetry of the early nineteenth century, although both the style and the mood are infinitely superior. It was written by Isabelle Vue.

*Silver spring, the gentle rill,
A bird, a song.
Breezes soft, weather clear.
Nature— unadorned.*


Miss Saphron draws several comparisons here between Shelley, Wordsworth, and Miss Vue. She ends with a quotation from Dante's critical essay on poetic language, *De Vulgari Eloquentia*: "'a thing which has nobility is noble' says Dante, therefore, such nobility in Nature as portrayed by this fine work makes the poem itself a truly noble one."

The final paragraph of this excellent work on the greatness of modern poetry ends with the following words: "The author hopes that this small volume will form the cornerstone of modern poetic criticism. She believes that the weight of the evidence she has presented makes obsolete, once and for all, the mediocre attempts of Aristotle and Longinus to govern the rules of poetry. The intelligent mind can recognize the better critic."

Fall Ballet



*Brisk November winds
Frolic to and fro,
Each playful gust a mischief-loving
Sprite
Dancing up on high,
Pirouetting low
In whirls of sheerest rapture and
delight.*



Judy Cummings

*a study in the wild, the dark,
and the primitive by Geraldine M. Flynn*

DEVIL'S NIGHT

Dee sniffed the air slowly, not short breaths, but a steady inhalation mastered by long years of training. She loved this pungent odor; it excited her soul and claimed the attention of all her latent instincts. Her life was centered around her trade—she was a devoted slave to the lust for adventure—but her skill was neither timely nor appreciated.

Although her body might be fatigued or wearied by the wind and the cold, the scent of challenge lent new energy to her spirit and she quivered in answer to it.

She stopped in her tracks, but her action was not an empty one. It was a perfect example of muscular co-ordination—mind over matter—the supreme will to command her supple body to do the impossible. Perhaps it was this ability that people despised most in her. Her innocent pose would please, yet the ever lurking defiance would sharpen, yes, almost coarsen her features. You could never look into the black, penetrating eyes without noticing the cynical curl of the lip and feeling that even in her tamest moment she was the superior. It was no wonder that she was hated by everyone who knew her name.

Even that was a title of derision. She was called Dee, an Indian coc-tion for the French word "le diable"—the devil. However, Dee never knew this. The fact that her name

was the curse of decent men, that her only regard was the curse in drunkenness or the cheap boast of a saloon raffle, never entered her limited mind.

The many attempts on her life were not to be understood, only to be feared; and yet, for what life had done to her Dee could not be held wholly responsible—for her utter disregard for society, for human feelings, even for life itself.

She had been endowed with a perception beyond her years and status. Others felt this was a waste of knowledge and strove to punish her with jealous hate. Her rebellion against Nature and the inferior caused her to be the object of destruction.

The wind was stronger. As if to cure her impatience, Dee took a step forward, but this didn't destroy her stark beauty. It only increased her attentive vigil. Her mind held no thought; in fact, she cared for no one, even herself. She was unaware of her physical completeness. To her, it was only a means to an end—an instrument of survival. She cared less about the lurid rumors which surrounded her name. Men might protest her existence, but in their hearts they were proud to have hated her. No one could conquer her.

Tonight would be spent as any other, plying her wits against those she scorned—as always, trying for a

prize better than the last, to feed the continuous thirst for the hunt.

Now the time had come. Dee settled back into an almost crouched position. Blood thundered in her brain but her mind was alert and precise as she approached her target. Confidence flooded her frame as she started an age-old performance—the struggle for the survival of the fittest.

She slunk, almost crept toward her victim, unaware of her surroundings, but not oblivious to personal danger. A tried and tested training which prevented any hasty action now cautioned her against revealing herself in the open.

Her prey was almost upon her. The suspense choked back a single breath which rattled in her throat. Excitement blinded her vision. Nevertheless, she arched her back in preparation for the attack. The unsuspecting victim loomed in front of her; its ambling gait betrayed its tranquil nature, its love of living. Its dependent character disgusted

Dee's gambling spirit and only fired her desire for its destruction. Its stumbling foot tramped on in shadowed ignorance. Now! Yes! No, not yet! Yes! Yes! The full force of her weight left the ground, with every ounce of energy gathered into a single unit of savage desire.

But her body did not reach its destination. A greater force, a supreme will of steel and wood deflected the tense movement of limb.

Dee's body fell upon the ground. There was a slight spasmic struggle in death as if she protested even final judgment in yielding to the ultimate end. Then—all was silent.

The hunters stared down at the still form of the Wolf. One kicked the body aside with disgust and said, "The fur's no good. No use taking it with us."

They left, their footsteps making hollow sounds on the hardened ground, and somewhere in the distance a crow cawed across the winter air.

The Cynic

Sentiments? I'll know no more!

They've blinded me enough.

Old dreams of love are just a bore;

Emotions? Just a bluff!

I've had enough of rosey days,

I've had enough of song.

A darkened night must follow sun,

And they are hurt who sing too long.

Carolyn Cardinale

There Is a Love

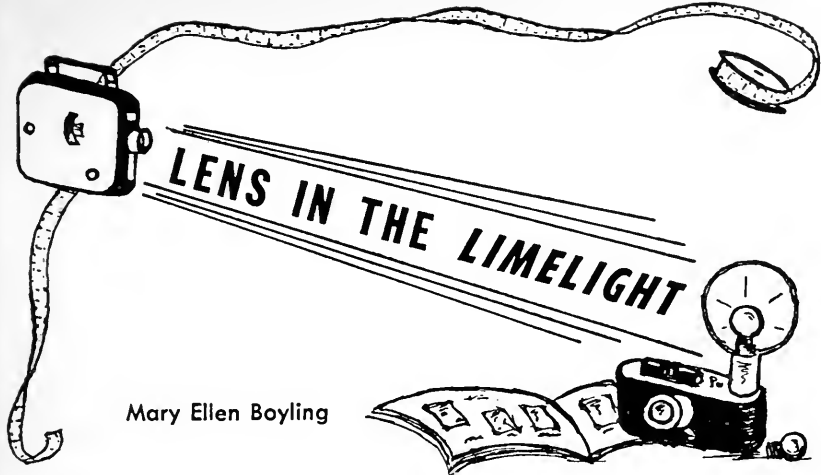
*There is a love,
A young love . . .
A love whose lips are quick to whisper . . .
I love you . . .
I love you.*

*There is a love,
Another love,
An easy love . . .
It need not be said . . .
I love you
In its richness the words are inadequate.*

*There is a love,
A shadowy love,
A momentary child of the night
That cannot endure
The radiant light for long.
It is smothered
In the strength of that sacred vow . . .
I love you . . .*

*And which love is the best . . .
There is no choice,
None is necessary . . .
To love, if you can . . .
That is all
To love is all
To love . . .*

Lilian Fox



Mary Ellen Boyling

The perfect picture — amateur photographers shudder when they think of it! The most commonplace scene in everyday life lends itself to picture possibilities! Everything from the tiniest blade of grass to the highest mountain top is photogenic.

Where do you, the amateur photographer, come into focus? Simply take camera, information and ingenuity blended with a bit of imagination, and discover the wealth of hidden snapshot material that lies in your home, at school, in the country, on city streets.

What kind of pictures do your friends enjoy seeing? Which shots can your camera capture most accurately? The answers to these questions give you the source of your most photogenic subjects.

There is one hard-to-define quality in a print that can outweigh technical quality or average composition. That is its ability to recall pleasant memories to an average audience. Look around you—the dog snoozing in a corner of the living room with his front paws protectively covering a half-chewed bone; Junior, sprawled in front of the fireplace with a comic book propped in front of the pages of the geography book; Dad, all tucked out, dozing in his favor-

ite armchair, with the *Daily Herald* slipping from his relaxed grip. Commonplace? Definitely! Photogenic? Positively!

There are two rules to remember in photography.

1. Always have your camera prepared to take pictures. Take particular care in cleaning the camera, and keep a roll of fresh film handy.

2. Keep your pictures natural. Don't spoil a human interest "shot" by posing the subject or adapting the situation to your camera.

Remember, too, that the price and the make of a camera by no means limit its quality or usefulness. Contests are won by Brownie and Leica owners alike. In this instance, it's technique that makes the difference. To perfect this technique, know the limits of your particular model and then obtain the additional equipment needed to make the camera more sensitive to a variety of subjects.

This article should serve only as an incentive. From here on, it's up to you! Take your camera. Let ingenuity be your companion and imagination be your guide. Snatch this opportunity to preserve on film the most elusive events, the most fleeting moments!

THE CROSS AND THE CRUCIBLE

Since approximately the time of Darwin, thinking man has been bombarded by increasingly cogent arguments proving the unbridgeable gap between demonstrable science and the undemonstrable facts of religion. The God-fearing, many of them, stuck their heads in the sand and thought they were safe from the shafts of their opponents. Fortunately, they weren't. Fortunately, a few were forced to face the opponents, their arguments and the whole problem squarely. These few had to be prepared to renounce the faith of the ages if demonstrable science actually proved that there is no God and man has no soul.

But far from proving the non-existence of God, many scientists have come to the conclusion that in discovering the laws governing the universe, they were discovering the best proof for the existence of a lawgiver. In fact, the only way to avoid this conclusion is to deny the principle of causality, and such a denial is intellectual suicide to the scientist. The German physicist, Max Planck, who developed the quantum theory, says of the Law of Causality,

"Science can only accept the universal validity of the law of causation which enables us definitely to predict effects following a given cause, and in case the predicted effect should not follow, then we know that some other facts have come into play which were left out of consideration in our reckoning."

Albert Einstein, certainly the greatest living scientist, thought by some to be the greatest of all time, says of the rejection of causality: "That nonsense is not merely nonsense. It is objectionable nonsense."

And not only these two but many others, Galileo, Newton, Eddington, Jeans, Compton, Millikan, deNouy and Carrel, have raised their voices, in an effort to clear away the deceptive smoke of battle between religion and science and to lay bare the truth—that science serves but to reinforce faith in God.

In a survey conducted among the two hundred Fellows of the Royal Society of Science in London it was found that an overwhelming majority of them believed in a spiritual realm transcending our material world and felt that the facts of evolution were quite compatible with belief in a Creator; moreover, a substantial majority renounced the idea that the facts of natural science negate the concept of a personal God as taught by Jesus Christ. In addition, in a ratio of about three to one, they maintained that recent remarkable developments in scientific thought are favorable to religious belief, although a large number were vague on this question.

We may draw the conclusion from all this that science is not unalterably opposed to religion—and we may not be accused of circuitous reasoning—from God to God. These men have begun, many of them, with disbelief in God, with vain confidence

n man's powers to discover everything about the world, to answer all problems without recourse to invented gods. They have begun as positivists, or logical empiricists, but have found that in that role, they could do no more than report their observations. But man's mind can do more—and so they did—they drew order, harmony and laws from their observations. And from the laws it was an easy step to the Lawgiver. As positivists, they had tried to deny the infinite capacity, the propensity in man for faith, but as a result of their discovery of the God of Reason, they began to experience the God of Faith.

But the interweaving of science and religion is not complete, will not be complete until all the facts of science have been discovered. We may cautiously predict that this will take some time. In the meantime, in the work of men like Einstein, Planck, deNouy and others, we may trace the continually evolving harmony of this relationship between religion and science.

It is interesting to note the goal unifying all of Albert Einstein's scientific work: he is trying to evolve a set of formulae which will adequately describe the functioning of the two basic forces in nature: gravitation and electromagnetism. In other words, science, in its present stage of development, recognizes either gravitation or electromagnetism as the parent or root force in every discernible phenomenon in the universe. And it has developed a set of formulae which describes and predicts each of these. Einstein is unsatisfied with this. He is working toward a Unified Field Theory, i.e., one which will describe the working of both of these phenomena by a single set of

formulae. This psychological bent, in itself, is indicative of the man's recognition of order and harmony in the universe and his faith in it, in the face of a seeming disunity. He voiced this belief himself in the cryptic remark, "I cannot believe God plays dice with the world."

From one point of view, this search for a Unified Field Theory may seem to indicate a broadening of the function of science. Actually, however, modern-day scientists are beginning to realize that their province is being narrowed every day. Aristotelian science attempted to explain why things happened; modern science, recognizing the metaphysical outside its realm, must be satisfied with describing how things happen. In addition, modern science is finding it increasingly difficult to accept a smoothly functioning, machine-like universe. This problem resolves itself into two philosophical explanations. Either Chance governs the universe (and what or who is this Chance to whom rational man is willing to subordinate his intellect?) or at every turn we are confronted by the inscrutable workings of what Einstein chooses to call a cosmic intellect. The latter explanation is the more cogent for most scientists, for any thinking man would find it impossible to deny an ordering intellect in the face of the type of proof offered by Planck's constant.

The discovery of Planck's constant is another proof of the folly of accepting any theory which disproves a First Cause. For some time, the use of statistical methods in predicting the behavior of certain natural phenomena seemed to outlaw any strictly ordered universe, seemed to shatter the possibility of a Divine plan, since the laws of Chance could only pre-

dict with a margin of uncertainty. And then Planck discovered that this margin of uncertainty was always a function of a small but inexorable constant, to which science has given his name.

The best of human intellects can only bow before the inescapable conclusion that there is some intellect above ours, who decided upon this constant, who chooses which atoms shall decay according to the laws of radioactivity, who directed human evolution along a path which Chance could have found only if it had had 10243 times more time.

These facts of physics, chemistry and biology give us a skeletal scientific proof for the existence of at least a natural religion. But overshadowing all the minor and major developments in modern science is the evolution of a theory, the name of which has become a household word but whose explanation is clear to very few. The theory is, of course, Relativity.

The basis of the problem, the solution of which is attempted by this theory, is the impossibility of finding a body absolutely at rest. To offset this difficulty, to provide a working basis for the scientist, Einstein proved that the laws of Nature are the same for all uniformly moving systems, but even this amounts only to getting closer to the problem itself and not to the solution. Einstein himself ad-

mits man's inadequacy in the face of impenetrable reality, admits and extols the scientist's profound humility before superior wisdom, in these words:

"The most beautiful and most profound emotion we can experience is the sensation of the mystical. It is the sower of all true science. He to whom this emotion is a stranger, who can no longer wonder and stand rapt in awe, is as good as dead. To know that what is impenetrable to us really exists, manifesting itself as the highest wisdom and the most radiant beauty which our dull faculties can comprehend only in their most primitive forms — this knowledge, this feeling is at the center of true religiousness."

This is not the ultimate in scientific faith but it is important. It does not draw man to his highest possibility in relation to God; it exacts from him only a natural religion, but its main importance lies in the fact that this creed of not only Einstein but practically all of modern-day scientists, counters once and for all the arguments of those who would put science and religion on opposing teams, proves conclusively that which those of simple, unaffected faith have always believed—if science does not point to the existence of God, then the scientists are wrong.



Dusk at an Airport

*leaning over the rail of an observation deck,
watch the approach of a palpable speck
remotely resembling some bird of the sky
Until its powerful motors sigh,
And flashing lights wink signals fast
to land on a runway invitingly vast,
Wheels being lowered from the side
As the stage is set for the downward glide.
Against the lambent flame of a setting sun
O'er a scorched and tired world
A frosty silver fearer of none
through space and air has hurled
ill the rising earth swiftly greets her emigrant from on high
While observers stand with mouths agape and cannot reason why
A mass of steel and throbbing power should have the beauty of a poem
Bringing forth waves of thought, admiration as its foam.
or now that dusk has tumbled into night, and I silently turn to go
magination takes the reins; dreams begin to flow.
And another noisy fledgling is heading for the stars
Across the face of a blinking moon, on a non-stop flight to Mars.*

Terese Doyle

SAYS THE JUNIOR TO THE FRESHMAN

November, 1949.

Dear Alice:

How do you feel at the end of your first two months at St. Joseph's? Like that politician in the French Revolution, I imagine you could say the greatest achievement of those months is the very fact that you managed to live through them! That Math Analysis! That Term Paper! Those book reports! I used to think it was humanly impossible to get all the assignments done—but somehow, they get done, in an inevitable sort of way, and then, before you know what's happened to you, you're getting ready to move into a new term. And the process starts all over again—

Truthfully, I have to admit to you that not all assignments are horrors; some of them are even interesting. Oh, sure, you'll go through those Museum trips, where the guards glare at you, and the Library trips to Forty-Second Street that will never produce any books, but sometimes, you'll hit on something unusual. I know I have. The two most memorable events I remember happened to be assignments in two different English courses.

The first was in Shakespeare I. We were putting on a fragment of *Twelfth Night*, and the script called for a comic duel. In any duel, swords are necessary—and I was delegated to bring them in.

It sounded easy; I happened to own two that were once used for a Highland War Dance. One was a blunt bayonet-type; the other was

gilded and ornately-sculptured; both refused to fit into either a suitcase or a paper bag. So I bravely walked to the bus stop, with the two swords open to the gaze of the public. And believe me, the public gazed—fixedly! Just when I thought the interest had died down, a slight jostle at my elbow would set the swords rattling against each other, and heads turned once more, and stared! It caused a terrific jam in the doorway of the bus when it arrived. People kept craning their necks to look at the 'weapons'. I think the bus driver was terribly relieved when I got off and went into the Eighth Avenue Subway; people seemed more interested in the swords than in tending to their carfare!

You can't imagine the things that were running around in my thoughts as I tried to look composed, in a seat-corner of the GG Local:

"Maybe . . . If I just swung them along nonchalantly, people might think I'm carrying a couple of umbrellas." But they didn't. They knew. "Do you think . . . no, it's silly . . . but they probably think I've seen Joan of Arc too often." Strange people came up to me, and asked: "Jap Souvenir?" The episode reached a hilarious climax when a young boy, who got on at Classon Avenue, took a quick, unbelieving look at the swords, passed his hand across his forehead, and shouted:

"I knew times were tough, but I never thought we'd have to start carrying armor in the subway!"

Did I beat an unceremonious, clanking retreat out of the car at Clinton-Washington! Truly, Alice, I don't think I ever was so glad to get into the college in my life!

The second assignment I'll never forget was the usual visit to Poe's cottage at Fordham Road, for American Literature I. It had to be written up, too, but in the interests of scholarship, I never did put in the entire account of what happened—because though it makes lively reading, it's hardly the kind of thing to put in a report.

It's a rather depressing sight, the cottage. It's bare, and dank, and the bed in which Poe's child-wife, Virginia Clemm, died looks as though it were stuffed with old potatoes and chunks of wood. I was with Stella MacNeil; we looked around the exhibits, and chatted with the lady caretaker, who was lame and elderly, and who sat in a small rocker in one corner of the parlor. We had seen enough, and soon decided to leave. On the way out, we noticed two doorways leading to the attic. One had an enamel sign with "No Admittance" printed on it. The other was significantly devoid of any kind of prohibition, written or otherwise. We

looked at each other.

"Shall we?"

"Let's!"

The door was stubborn, but after a lot of effort, we got it open; a curving staircase led upward. I climbed up and looked around hastily. It was a small, slope-roofed attic with bare walls. There was a bed in one corner, and—to my horror, *there was someone in it!*

It was an elderly little man. He sat bolt upright, with exactly the same expression of horror on his face. We heard him breathe one word:

"Virginia!"

Mumbling apologies, we backed down that staircase, fast. Later, we found out that he was another caretaker who had gone upstairs for a quick nap before the rush hour of visitors began. He came down and sheepishly acknowledged that, for a minute, our 'new look' clothes might have fooled him into thinking poor Virginia Clemm had come back for a little supernatural visit. So you see, you never can tell what's going to turn up on these outside assignments!

That's all for now,
From your Junior Sister,
Sally.



loria contributors

contributions for the winter issue of *loria*—stories, sketches, poetry, editorials, bits of humor for *whilings*, current information for *contemporary scene*—may be sent Marie May via students mail box. The deadline is January 6th. All undergraduates are invited to submit material.

THE FIRST FIFTY YEARS

In a few weeks 1949 will draw to a close, and the second half of the twentieth century will begin unfolding itself. If we can believe the scientists' glowing predictions, it will mean "push-button living". Business machinery, electric utensils, prefabrication, and remote control will leave the average person free to use a great portion of time as he wishes instead of employing it in labor.

During the last fifty years the changeover has been accomplished partially, so that now people have far less to do than those of two generations ago. Life has become simpler, apparently, and there is far more time for recreation. Radio, television, movies, and professional sports have grown as a result, and new trends in literature, the outline, the digest, and the comic strip have flourished.

Theoretically, this time for cultivation of interests should produce a more educated, better informed, and consequently, a more self-reliant people. Has it? Apparently not. Educators have found that even with all these advantages, students seem to learn less. High school freshmen, in many cases, can comprehend only what fifth grade elementary students formerly did in reading. Even graduate students are seriously hampered by a lack of reading, comprehension, and concentration.

It would seem then that these advantages are, on the contrary, disadvantages. As a result of having things done for them, people have become passive, content to be entertained instead of entertaining, to watch instead of doing, to be told rather than to investigate. The elimination of physical work has had an effect on the effort to do mental work. People are surrendering their most precious ability, the power to think.

Our newspapers are typical examples. Sensational headlines give salient points, "the facts"; graphic details are given by the photographs (which, unlike paintings, allow for no interpretation). This trend, destroying the need to concentrate or to abstract and evaluate, has entered almost all fields. The appeal is emotional, and thus unchecked by the intellect, the emotions get out of control; hence, our twentieth century "neuroses and psychoses".

Viewed from this standpoint, the future appears grim. Can 1950-1999 overcome the "push-button" stumbling block, or will the machine age succeed in destroying the greatest of all machines, the human mind?

JUBILEE, 1950!

For most of us, the Holy Year of Jubilee to be celebrated in 1950 is the first in our experience, and so we are unacquainted with its meaning and implications. Rather than a period of festivity as the name might indicate, the Holy Year is a time of penance and prayer to effect a renewal of the spiritual life of both individuals and the whole Christian world.

The idea of the jubilee dates back to the Old Law, where we read in the book of Leviticus, "Thou shalt sanctify the fiftieth year and shalt proclaim remission to all the inhabitants of thy land; for it is the year of jubilee." The word, jubilee, is probably derived from the Hebrew word, *jobel*, meaning a ram's horn, the instrument used in announcing the celebration. Pope Boniface VIII proclaimed the first Christian jubilee in the year 1300, emphasizing in the bull of proclamation the remission of the penalties of sin. Although it was originally meant to be held every hundred years, the second Holy Year was proclaimed in 1350 by Clement VI, and it was Pope Paul II in the fifteenth century who decreed the present twenty-five year intervals in order to give every person of normal life span an opportunity to participate.

During this period of Jubilee the eyes of the entire world are focused on Rome as the center of Christendom, and this fact is emphasized by the suspension of most ordinary indulgences and the granting of exceptional remissions and graces to those who make the pilgrimage to Rome. In a world of dissension such as exists today this note of the unity of all Christians is of special significance. If all the Holy Year of 1950 accomplished were to make us poignantly aware of our oneness with men of all nations, it would do much to foster peace. But Our Holy Father desires more than this. He hopes that where elaborate human endeavors have failed to effect harmony, a great spiritual renewal of personal holiness through prayer and penance may bring about a revitalized modern society.

To make this pilgrimage to Rome would most certainly strengthen our faith and broaden our vision of the Church. If, however, this complete participation in the Holy Year is impracticable, we must yet strive to accomplish the ends for which Pope Pius proclaimed the *Jubilaeum Maximum*.



Top State Honors

When The National Association of Manufacturers' Congress opened on December 6th at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York, Anne Serena was on hand to represent St. Joseph's and all the other colleges and universities of New York State. One student delegate from each state has been chosen—St. Jo's certainly is proud that Anne was selected. This is the first year that the NAM has invited college students to participate in its convention. The NAM feels that by getting the students' opinions they will be helping themselves as well as the students.

On Stage Please

Miss Jill Miller, new dramatics coach at the college, certainly has an interesting theatrical background. She is the founder of *Trial Stages Inc.*, which has since become known as The Putnam County Playhouse of Mahopac, New York. Miss Miller is now Manager-Director of this company. Producing such plays as *Hedda Gabler*, *The Doll's House*, *The Glass Menagerie* and many others, the playhouse company has established a fine name for itself, so that today it is numbered among the top ten summer playhouses. We know that St. Jo's will derive great benefit from Miss Miller's experience and knowledge in the theatrical field.

News "Trading Post"

If you have ever felt that you were jeopardizing your life when you stopped to read the posters in the locker room (and what SJC student hasn't been caught in the "nine o'clock class-a minute to go" rush) you'll be happy to hear about the plans of the newly organized Publicity Committee. The committee, formed this semester, and under the chairmanship of Mary Kruse, has an answer to this problem. They plan to set up a poster system on the gym balcony. Regular bulletin boards will be set up (completely equipped with lights) and all notices and publicity releases will be posted there. Their second goal of having *all* the students know about *all* the college activities will be furthered by this system too, since news will be collected in this one central location. Sounds like a good idea—we'll be looking forward to seeing it put in effect!

Med Department News

Dr. Leonora Berkery, recent graduate of St. Jo's '42, is now serving as college physician. Graduating from

NYU's medical school in '45 she interned at St. Vincent's. She has served as resident physician at Bellevue, and also has two years of practice in New York in the field of pediatrics. When Dr. D'Albora left the staff she contacted Dr. Berkery—and so we are fortunate enough to have another St. Joseph's graduate with us in the medical division.

This Way to the Van Gogh Show!

The somewhat euphonious cry has gone up at the Metropolitan Museum of Art and thousands of New Yorkers have harkened, crowding the exhibition of the late nineteenth century Dutch painter. Most of the paintings are from the collection of his nephew, and few of the ninety-five, ranging from the musty, potato colored work of his early days to the swirling, heavy, bright colored masterpieces of his Arlesian period, have been shown previously in this country. The Exhibit will remain in New York until January 1st and is then scheduled to be presented at the Art Institute of Chicago.

Know That . . .

The first ball thrown in at the first Series game at Ebbet's Field was tossed by our Clinton Avenue neighbor, Arthur, son of Dr. Sweeney. Arthur, whose picture you probably saw in the papers, was stricken with polio in this summer's sweeping epidemic. He was chosen as representative of those who suffered—and came out smiling—this summer's awful visitor. We are glad to report that Arthur is now on the road to recovery.

Your Future Her Job

Another St. Jo's grad who has returned as a member of the faculty is Miss Rosemary Glynn, '43, who is now Student Personnel Director. After obtaining her M.A. from Columbia's Teachers College in student personnel administration, she held positions in this and related fields at Columbia, the University of Connecticut and Catholic University. Miss Glynn has been busy interviewing students here in the hope of helping them reach their vocational goals. She is also handling all scholarships, fellowships and civil service information.

Miss Glynn's biggest plans are concerned with revamping the Cadet plan. Cadet courses will be taken in the sixth and seventh semesters. The cadet work will not be done during the term, but instead the college hopes to place the girls in summer jobs that will further their vocational hopes and at the same time put money in their pockets. Miss Glynn has been waging an intensive campaign to have employers in various fields give her their support—and she reports quite a successful campaign!

Introducing . . .

Mr. Lessard, the French department's new member, who received his A. B. from Clark University at Worcester, Massachusetts, and did his graduate work for his M.A. at Princeton University. Among other colleges and universities that he has taught at are American University in Washington, D. C. and Southwestern in Memphis, Tennessee.

This Way the Wind Blows

Wystan Hugh Auden refuses to be pigeon-holed. It would be so easy to dismiss him peremptorily as W. H. Auden — modern poet. But this is only partly true: it tells nothing of Auden the critic, the dramatist, the satirist, the author of the forthcoming book of essays, *The Enchafed Flood*.

It is as a poet, though, that one can best know Auden. He writes—he, himself, admits it—as “an intellectual of the middle classes.” This obviously limits his audience, not because of his theme for it reaches beyond the bounds of one select class to the whole of modern society, but because of his style; for many of his phrases indeed go “packed with meaning like a van.”

Do we learn from the Past?

*The police,
The dress-designers, etc.,
Who manage the mirrors,
say—No.*

*A hundred centuries hence
The gross and aggressive
will still*

*Be putting their trust in a
patron
Saint or a family fortress,
The seedy be taking the same
Old treatments for the tedium
vital,
Religion, Politics, Love.*

Does Auden learn from the past? Yes. He knows that a few will always see life in terms of the evil, the material, the superficial. Some will blindly go on living and dying in the inflex-

ible mold which their ancestors wrought in for different times. Others will escape temporarily by means of exotic cults, unscrupulous greed or eroticism. The vision that could penetrate so keenly the foibles and frustrations of modern society and yet hold out hope for men of faith merited for Auden the Pulitzer Prize in 1948.

An Englishman who reversed the T. S. Eliot pattern in becoming an American citizen, Auden characterized himself as a “class traitor.” He rebels against the mores of the upper bourgeoisie into which he was born. “In America,” he explains, “nationalism doesn’t mean anything; there are only human beings. That’s how the future must be.” Clearly, Marxian Communism is not his answer. Auden realizes that this doctrine in practice is not what it should be—“men confederate in Man.”

“The Age of Anxiety” reveals a decidedly Christian tinge in his philosophy. This prize-winning long narrative poem acclaims him as “probably the most mature poet of his age.” Even the title indicates how well he understands his time; the poem’s broken, hurried rhythm records the pulse of our machine age.

The fields of his imagery in this and in other poems, reveal Auden as the truly modern poet: one finds industry — “furnace-crowded Midlands,” science of antiseptics and instruments at both ends,” psychology — “Miserable wicked me, how interesting I am,” and war—when “mat-

ters are settled with gas and with bombs."

On the other hand, Auden uses many other images which suggest that as a poet he remains within the universal stream of poetry. His unique contribution is the unconventional treatment of the conventional. In the "Annunciation," for example, one finds a psychological study in Gabriel's salutation.

*Mary, in a dream of love
Playing as all children play,
For unsuspecting children may
Express in comic make-believe
The wish that later they will know
Is tragic and impossible;
Hear, child, what I am sent to tell:
Love wills your dream to happen,
so
Love's will on earth may be
through you,
No longer a pretend but true.*

A completely different side of Auden is revealed in "Many Happy Returns," a birthday greeting to a seven-year old boy.

*Naivete's an act that
You already know you
Cannot get away with
Even at your age.
So I wish you first a
Sense of theatre; only
Those who love illusion
And know it will go far.*

"Refugee Blues" offers Auden an opportunity to display his versatility in a mimicry of modern ballads.

*Once we had a country and we
thought it fair,
Look in the atlas and you'll
find it there:
We cannot go there now, my dear,
we cannot go there now.*

Influences of the heavily accented and alliterated line of Old English poetry as well as the free associa-

tion and free verse of Ezra Pound and T. S. Eliot are evident throughout Auden's poetry. He makes use of old forms modifying them to suit his need, or else he creates new forms to express his ideas. As in "Letter to Lord Byron," he constantly chose a form

*that's large enough to swim in
And talk on any subject that
I choose*

consistently using the freedom it gives. Unfortunately, it is just the freedom which sometimes causes his poetry to be obscure. The question may well arise: does Auden's poetry merit the effort required to pierce the haze of this obscurity? "Age of Anxiety" should provide the answer.

*For the new locus is never
Hidden inside the old one
Where Reason could rout it out,
It is too obvious and near to
notice,
Some dull dogpatch a stone's
throw
Outside the walls, reserved
For the eyes of faith to find.*

And what will they find?

*Temporals pleading for eternal
life with
The infinite impetus of anxious
spirits,
Finite in fact yet refusing to be
real,
Wanting our own way, unwilling
to say Yes
To the Self-So which is the same
at all times,
That Always-Opposite which is
the whole subject
Of our own not knowing, yet far
from no necessity
Condescended to exist and to
suffer death*

*And scorn on a scaffold,
ensconced in His life
The human household.*



Two Girls...

... One Nickel

Ruth A. Murtagh

"Got a telephone, Mister?" The sailor standing in the open door-way grinned hopefully.

"In back, sailor," was the reply. The small, bespectacled druggist smiled at the sigh of relief that came from the direction of the door. "Thanks."

Jim Crawford, weaving slightly on his unaccustomed land-legs, walked swiftly across the hard wood floor to the dimly-lit rear of the drugstore. He paused at the door of the telephone booth and reached in his pocket for change. After fumbling for a minute, he withdrew his hand and stared solemnly at the single nickel resting in his palm. It was the last money he'd have until pay-day tomorrow. That meant he had a problem. His forehead wrinkled thoughtfully as he pondered the seriousness of his predicament.

Now Jim, like most fellows, was not a boy to be satisfied with just one girl. No, he had two. Of course, there had been more from time to time, but he'd narrowed the field for practical purposes—mainly financial—and also because these two were the nicest girls he'd ever met. Funny part was, he couldn't make up his mind which one he liked better. But he knew that when he did there was going to be a new Navy wife in town. For the time being, however, he was quite satisfied with the present arrangement. Naturally, neither girl knew about the other. Jim had courage, but not the cold nerve that it would take to tell Joan, Girl #1, about Cathy, Girl #2, and the other way 'round. He was reckless, but not crazy. Anyway, that wasn't the problem.

The problem was this: two girls,

one nickel. He hadn't seen either one in over three months of sea duty and he'd sure missed them. At any other time he'd have called both, flipping a coin to see who would be the first. But, this wasn't any other time, this was now. He heaved a deep sigh and sank down thoughtfully on the telephone bench. This was certainly going to take some hard thinking. His whole leave, in fact, he realized with surprise, his entire life, depended upon his next move. Whoever he called with that nickel would end up by being Mrs. Crawford, U.S.N. The problem he'd avoided considering for so long had been suddenly dumped in his lap, or, to put it more accurately, in his pocket, and he didn't like it one bit.

Cathy and Joan. Joan and Cathy. They were both nice sounding names. Cathy and Joan — both girls, both young and pretty, but both so different. Maybe that was why he went out with both of them. Together, they had everything he admired in a woman. Singly . . . he didn't know. He'd have to think about that, and now. First, Cathy.

Cathy was just the type of girl Jim had always wanted when he was in high-school. She was small and dark-haired, with big, warm brown eyes and a sweet smile. He always felt the urge to protect her and worried when she insisted upon walking in the rain without a hat.

Cathy's interests were mainly in baseball (her favorite sport), hot-dogs, singing (she had a sweet voice), and long walks to nowhere in particular. She never raised a fuss when he took her to the drugstore for a soda after a movie, instead of to some after-the-theater night spot. Cathy liked him, too. She'd told him so.

Joan, on the other hand, was taller than Cathy, and more independent. Her reddish-blond hair was usually jauntily swept up on the top of her head, over her rakish features. She worried about Jim when he was on board the cruiser, and he loved it.

Joan's favorite sport was basketball, particularly when the game was followed by a dance (she was an exceptionally graceful dancer). Her favorite after-the-game snack was a hamburger — with onions. Trekking to nowhere in particular had never appealed to her. Joan liked to take long drives in the family automobile, with Jim at the wheel. Jim liked her, and had told her so, but she'd never directly said that she liked him. He just knew she did by the way she smiled when she met him at her door.

Jim paused to tally the score — 3-3. The girls were even. Humph! He wasn't getting anywhere at all. With an effort which screwed up his face and wrinkled his brow, he resumed his thinking. It was going to be harder than he'd realized.

Jim thought back to a certain day last summer when he'd taken Cathy swimming. They'd almost reached the wooden raft in the middle of the lake when she began to gasp and choke. Her leg was cramped! He re-lived those few seconds when he'd swum furiously to her side, praying that she could hold out until he reached her. She'd clung to him, gasping, and half-crying with the pain. When they'd finally reached the raft, she'd sunk down on the boards, completely exhausted. He remembered looking down at her as she lay with closed eyes, and thinking how much of a child she was, and how adorable.

A similar incident had occurred

with Joan some weeks later. He had taken Joan rowing, and they were well out in the middle of the lake when suddenly, the boat struck a submerged log, turning them over into the water. Jim had struggled quickly to the surface to find Joan waving to him, laughing, from the side of the overturned boat. He remembered wanting to swim directly to the shore, but Joan had insisted upon saving the boat. It had taken them ten minutes of exertion and frequent duckings before they were able to right it. During the entire time, Joan

had been gay, treating the whole incident as a big joke on them both. He certainly admired her nerve.

Joan and Cathy. Cathy and Joan. Jim raised his head suddenly. He'd reached a decision. Of course, why hadn't he thought of it before? His brain must have been temporarily dulled or something. Joan . . . Cathy . . . He sighed. The burden of deciding was over. A satisfied calmness settled over him.

"Hey, Bill," he called to his buddy outside. "Can you lend me a nickel?"



Crashing Reality

*There is something that I want,
A lone desire.*

*No, please don't ask me what
That thing could be;*

*For in answer'ing you may say—
You possess it.*

*Oh, delight of teetering
Potentiality!*

Lilian Fox



A Lover's Mediation

*Dearest you call me your adored one
I speak of you to Mary's Son . . .*

*When you my very soul do thrill
I live His Anguish on that Hill . . .*

*I, with all my being sing
Of our love, to the King . . .*

*If we walk in hand with Christ
We'll be in Love all our life . . .*

*For even if the passions pain
Thru His Passion, we'll in Love remain . . .*

*There have not been two lovers
Willing to share their love with Love.
Shall we take the rocky way
That we may live in Love some day?*

Mary Heslin



whitlings.

Personality Plus—the "plus" being a few grams of genius—is injecting itself into our Freshman Comp classes this term. No sooner was the call for Autobiographies sounded, than the resourceful gals dipped into their bags of tricks and came up with the following unique titles:

What Cooks in Pots?
(Marion Potts)

Who Eltz?
(Janice Eltz)

Four Shades of Brown
(Barbara Brown)

★ ★

When Interviews appeared on the agenda, nothing but celebrities would fill the bill. The idol of one enterprising Miss was in Washington, D. C., but that didn't faze her in the least! She simply packed Pajamas, Pencil and Pad in an overnight bag, hopped aboard a Washington bound plane, and got her interview "in toto" within six hours!

Flickering lights were the cause of much distraction in English Renaissance, Room 202. "Is the room haunted?" inquired one of the students. "No," quipped the alert Prof. "Only the lights—giving up the ghost."

★ ★

"I shot an arrow in the air. It fell to earth I know not where." That was a long time ago. Been searching for it ever since. I finally found it—holding up one of Sr. Gerardus' choice sprouts in the flower bed near Our Lady's statue. If you don't believe me, look and see!

★ ★

Shades of Parents' Day. Our vote for Flapper of the Year is Mary Joan Lauder. We'll wager she swings just as mean a Varsity Drag as Mother ever did.

DATES IN VOLUMES
OR
THE SAGA OF THE LITTLE RED BOOK

*I marched up to the Five and Ten
and bought, the other day,
a little red book—'cause my life
is now "tres complique."
It's full of dates with many Men
precisely on the hour
but, still, alas . . . to meet them*

*ALL
is quite beyond my power.
Each and everyone, I find,
has quite a lot to say
so I just never get the chance
to utter "yea" or "nay."
The competition's awfully keen.
If I arrive too late,
I find another woman has
moved in and stole my date.
Is that a jeering scoff I hear?
A doubting exclamation?
Well here's my schedule, I sub-
mit*

*for your consideration.
On Monday morn at nine I have
a thrilling tete-a-tete
with Martin and his good friend
George.*

*Oh happy, happy fate!
At ten, I'm meeting two gay blades,
Gesell and Ilg by name.
They always talk of kiddies cute
and how to keep them tame.
A pair of cultured gentlemen
I'll interview at four.*

*Messrs. Brockway and Weinstock
know operas by the score.
Ye Gods! Adieu! It's five past two.
I must be off again.*

*He's waiting in the Reference
Room—
Another of My Men.*

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Cleopatra, Mary Magdalen, Nan, Eddy and Phineas
. . . cops, catbirds hands and bridges . . . love,
life, law, laughter and larceny . . . Potpourri or
Bouillbaise!

winter, 1950

F 2



Winter 1950

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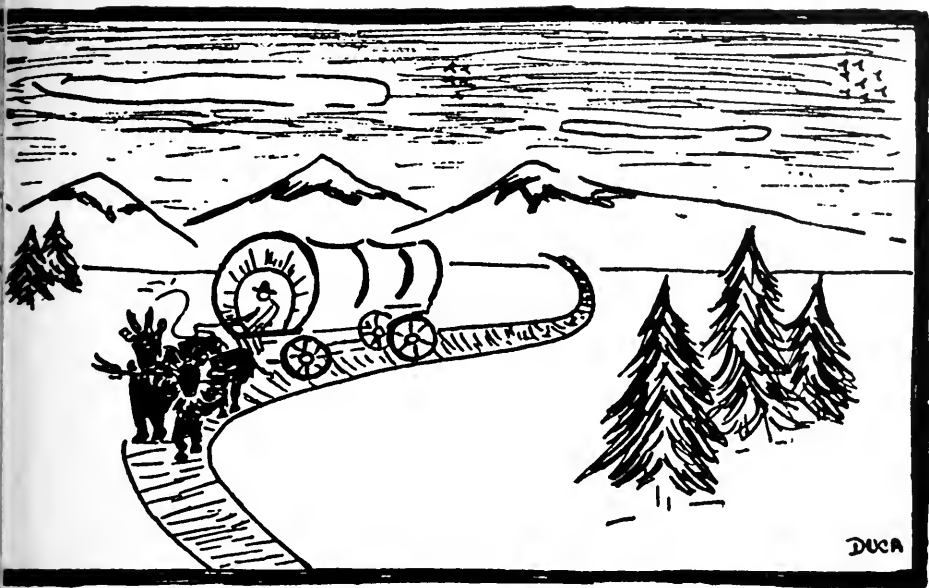
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THE CATBIRD AND THE NIGHTINGALE

EVELYN DEVER AND HELEN SECKENDORF

*They tried to fit you with an English song
And clip your speech into an English tale.
And even from the first the words went wrong,
The catbird pecked away the nightingale.*

Stephen Vincent Benet.

More than a century ago Emerson warned American writers that they had "listened too long to the courtly muses of Europe." Whitman who "heard America singing" repeated this challenge. Ever since, we have been looking within ourselves to discover what we mean when we speak of an American literature. We have been striving to achieve in our literature a genuine native quality, something unmistakably our own.

To be a reflection of the American

spirit, our literature must have its roots in self-knowledge. To know ourselves as a whole, we must know the parts that make the whole. When we achieve this, we will find a vital cultural heritage—a body of native folklore and balladry whose richness we are just beginning to realize.

Some critics suppose that a country composed of so many strains of Old World culture could not produce a culture entirely its own. Such limited vision would overlook the many uni-

tying experiences which fused the common hopes, desires, and fears of varied groups of Americans. One of the most important of these experiences was the influence of the frontier; for while American pioneers were carving their destiny, they were at the same time creating a wonderful body of stories and songs. Many found imagination the only means by which they could interpret and understand the great forces around them. To the settlers little or nothing seemed impossible. Bold men begot bold myths.

The tall tale has the strongest claim as a strictly American invention. Big talk about a big country brought into being a race of tall heroes to match the vastness of the land and the enormous job to be done. Typical of these heroes is Davy Crockett, the comic backwoods politician. In his own day his name was a household word for his jokes as well as for his achievements. His many-sidedness caused his lively, humorous homespun figure to supplant the romantic frontiersman of the Daniel Boone type. Davy, "who had never heard that there was such a thing as a judiciary in all nature," was elected Congressman from Tennessee in 1821. This election he won in the best backwoods tradition with humorous horseplay, and by leading his thirsty constituents to the liquor stand. Defeated in the election for what would have been his fourth term in office, he promptly carried out his campaign promise to the people: "If you re-elect me to Congress, I will serve you faithfully. If you don't, you may go to the devil, and I will go to Texas."

Pecos Bill was the hero of the cowboys. He "invented most of the things connected with the cow busi-

ness . . . taught the bronco how to buck . . . staked out New Mexico and used Arizona as a calf pasture." This wild man of the West earned the title of "king killer of the bad men."

Some of the old stock heroes have been carried over from their original songs and tales to become the hero in a modern counterpart.

Thus Badger Clark's *Glory Trail* is no doubt a source for our modern *Ghost Riders in the Sky*. Bob, the hero of the old tale, ropes a mountain lion, and since neither would or could let go, they continue together through eternity: a ghost rider on a ghost horse leading a ghost lion in a noose. Another legend gives us another version of his death—a caricature of the death of a hero. According to this story, Bob died because someone had put "fish hooks and barbed wire in his toddy."

"Time I was with Paul up in the Big Onion country . . ." often introduced the imaginary hero of the North Woods. Paul Bunyan, mightiest of loggers, combined brain with brawn for the good of mankind. The type of tale in which he was the hero originated as separate anecdotes or "gags" exchanged in bragging or lying contests. Folk fancy also created the patron-saint hero like Johnny Appleseed. Numerous legends have grown up around his "benevolent manomania" of planting appleseeds in remote places.

The turbulent conditions of the frontier, where a six-shooter was the law of the land, produced heroes of the cheerful rogue sort. Billy the Kid, Wild Bill Hickock, and Jesse James are familiar examples. One of the last of the Robin Hoods of the Southwest was Charley ("Pretty Boy") Floyd of Sallisaw, Oklahoma. He is described as a "nice, soft-spoken

boy, good to his mother" who also had a special grudge against bankers and sheriffs.

The cowboy and Indian fighter developed together. Of the latter, "Buffalo Bill" was the last vivid figure from what was once a frontier. There was a great difference in Davy Crockett and William F. Cody. Both were genuine characters from the West; both were colorful individuals; both were writers of personal reminiscences. Davy, however, was an outstanding example of a fresh type who had a hand in the opening of the West; "Buffalo Bill" was a showy survival of a declining type who witnessed the closing of the frontier.

For native American poetry, a study of our ballads reveals an inheritance of American folk song rich beyond compare in volume, quality, and above all in variety, taking its place beside any other body of folk song in the world. Again we find the frontier an important factor in its development.

Joe Bowers humorously recounts the fate of a '49er who left Pike County, Missouri, to stake a claim for his Sally. Joe had worked hard, braved privations and perils for Sally, only to receive a letter from brother Ike that she had married a butcher with red hair. A companion-piece to Joe Bowers is *Sweet Betsey from Pike*. This song of the overlander is known in various versions even to the present time, but the opening is the traditional:

*Oh don't you remember Sweet
Betsey from Pike,
Who crossed the big mountains
with her lover Ike,
With two yoke of cattle, and a
large yellow dog,
A tall shanghai rooster and one
spotted hog.*

Dakota Land and *Starving to Death on a Government Claim* also express the usual themes of the pioneers.

The cowboy classic *O Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie* exists in many forms. In every version, the cowboy sings plaintively of his lonely life and his plea. The familiar *Old Chisholm Trail* and *Git Along, Little Dogies* echo the sentiment of cowboys who rode that long trail from Texas to the Northwest.

Casey Jones revives the spirit of the early railroad engineers who laughed at death on their runs, when they used inefficient equipment through floods, landslides, storms, and holdups. The triumph of the machine age is recorded in the ballad of *John Henry*. Before he'd let the steam drill run him down, the huge Negro declared "he'd fall down dead wid a hammer in his hand." And he did just that.

The Negro spirituals were discovered by the North after the Civil War. They are unrivalled for emotional evocation, and as the expression for millions. *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot* and *Dese Bones Gwine to Rise Again* have lost none of their effectiveness throughout the years. The plantation songs *O Susanna* and *Ole Virginny Nebah Tire* also illustrate the vivid musical qualities of this group of ballads.

In direct contrast with these melodies, we have the low-life ballads which form a distinct part of America's folk songs. There are more than one hundred which tell of Frankie and her man. He is sometimes Johnny, sometimes Albert; Frankie, too, has many aliases. Most of these songs are city ballads, distinguished from the mountain combat of *John Henry* and the steam drill,

(Continued on Page 36)

Alice Bambrick clips a day from the calendar of an average undergrad . . . It could be you!

WHAT A DAY, WHAT A DAY . . .

What a day, what a day. Mom only called me four times—finally woke up and it was 7:40. Just can't count on my family—think they'd realize I have only one half-cut left in my nine o'clock class. Exhausted—just exhausted hustling for that train. Barely got to the station at 8:02, but I needn't have hurried—the good old 8:02 didn't come until 8:12 as usual. Just have to make perfect connections with the Eighth Avenue or I'm sunk—just sunk. Lady Luck was with me—and the subway came just in time—wonderful—sunshine in my gloomy morning. Clinton and Washington—if I have to try and get out through this crowd just one more day I'll be simply ruined. Trotted down those blocks: if they had a track team at school I'd win five major letters in it. Third floor—who ever thought of having nine o'clock classes on the third floor—part of *their* fiendish plans I suppose. Made it—made it! Can't stand being teased about coming in with the bell any more—think the gals would realize the 8:02 is a swell train—gets me in at 8:45—when it comes on time. Just because it's only been on schedule once this semester doesn't mean it will always be late. These Brooklynites just don't appreciate Islanders—talk about their Vanderbilt Avenue trolley as if *its* a problem. . . .

Can't understand why the dear old prof is looking annoyed at me. After

all I do need a little time to pull myself together. Pen—pen, where's my pen? Here it is—all set. Ooops—out of ink. Hey—Mary, transfusion? No good, huh—just ask Pat if she has ink. Low supply too? Oh, you have a pencil—good. Not a bad lecture at all—hour's just about up. Between class gab session—weekend newscast—everyone seemed to have had a perfect one, but we all ought to resolve to stay in Sunday night; just can't take this Monday morning feeling. Have a feeling in my bones there's a ten minute quiz in the offing today. Bear it honey lamb—it will soon be over. . . . Well, what do you know—lunch time already. Oh, there's Helen—just have to ask her about her weekend in Connecticut—guess we'll talk it over during lunch. Are we all set? But it's only 12:15—we must have forgotten to wait for someone. Murkens here we come! Need a morale booster—must have waffles, with bacon too. What's the difference: I don't have a class next hour—with two hours I'm sure to get them in time to get back to school for class. . . .

Class again—how I wish I had done this assignment! I really like this course—but I'm beginning to feel round-shouldered from slumping down in the seat. If only I had read the chapter on the train I could sit up straight and face Sister! There's the bell. G.A. and that crowded

locker room to face. . . . What's on for today? Dramatics presenting a morality play? Sounds good. Five o'clock—swell—just in time—won't miss a *bit* of the rush hour crowd. Wait for me, Mary, have to pick up some books in the library. Have a report due this Wednesday; want to get started on it early in the week. . . .

Goodnight, Mary . . . thanks for holding my books in the train—not a bad trip at all with one of us getting a seat. Home! Oh home sweet home! Am I ever starved! Steak? On Monday—this is a treat. Mom, you're an angel—felt sorry for me because I had such a rush this morning? You're the best. Radio? Have to hear a news summary—would I love to get time to read the paper: hate to have to absorb news in a five minute summary. There's the Make-Believe Ballroom—how I wish it were Saturday night again. Gosh, Chris is a real smooth date—hope he calls again—and soon. . . .

Oh, well—have to face doing this paper sooner or later, so "to the salt mines, lamb." (That's right—call your-

self sweet names—eases the pains of student life). This is really interesting. Good book—wish I could finish it. These writers certainly have interesting backgrounds. They've done so many things. Just wait 'til I'm out of school. . . . I'm going to read all the books on my lit lists and I'm going to take a course in *The Divine Comedy* and I'll even take ballet lessons again. . . . Yes, lamb, but in the meantime this is due Wednesday, so to work! Eight o'clock, nine o'clock, ten o'clock—would I like a snack? Sure would—there goes half an hour but I'll feel like a new woman again . . . go up and polish that paper off in just minutes. Midnight? How did it get to be that late? But it's almost finished; just to have to rewrite a bit and type it up—do that tomorrow. . . . And so to bed—wonderful thing this bed of mine—when I get out of school think I'll sleep and sleep. (Now you know very well you won't!) Oh—almost forgot to write in my diary—couldn't do that. . . . Let's see, how will I start. . . . "What a day, what a day". . . .

Lines From Life

Never be afraid to let a stranger peek
Into the garden of your heart,
For in passing he may stop to seek
And in pausing, never part.

Terese Doyle

STOP THAT BRIDGE!

My name's Eddy. I'm a reporter on the Borough Hall circuit. Sometimes things are exciting, and other times I feel like the whole town died on me—no excitement, no news, "no nuttin'" as the fella says. Well, it was during one of those dead spells that I got my greatest story. The only trouble was, I couldn't print it. Why? Because they'd get out the strait-jacket pronto. Like to hear about it? You talked me into it.

A couple of months ago I was standing outside of Borough Hall in Brooklyn when a little guy about so high came up to me and asked directions to the office of the Borough President. He was such a meek-looking little character that I gave him the information and promptly forgot all about him.

Some time later I was coming back from lunch when that same little guy almost ran me down as he rushed from the City Hall building. He was muttering to himself and shaking his fist in the direction of the exit he'd just left. Aha, I said to myself, this could be a story. "Say, Mister," I called, "you'll get apoplexy if you're not careful." I use the subtle approach.

For a minute the little guy didn't know where the voice was coming from, then he saw me and came over. "You'd fume, too, young man,"

he said, "if you'd been mocked at and insulted the way I've been just now. I'll show them they can't laugh at Phineas Quiggens in their nauseating manner." At these words he almost choked with anger.

"Now, now, Phineas," I said, "tell me all about it." He looked at me suspiciously and whispered, "Are you trustworthy?" Well. I was insulted. Phineas must have noticed my reaction because he apologized at once. "I'm so upset," he moaned, "I don't know what I'm saying." His puppy-dog eyes gazed up sadly into mine. I began to feel sorry for the guy. "I'm a reporter," I told him. "Is there anything I can do to help?"

"A reporter," he shouted ecstatically and dragged me into the shadow of the building. He told me, breathlessly, that he had a plan for moving houses from city to city in a few hours time. From here to Chicago would take two hours, or, at the most, three. I stared at him. "Look, Phineas, wouldn't it be better if you just went home and had a nice little nap in a cool spot?"

"You think I'm crazy" he shouted at me. Well, there was a remote possibility, I thought. He must have read my thoughts because he began to jump up and down in anger. "You think I'm crazy, too," he repeated. "I'll get even with you. I'll get even

with all of you. I'm going to steal the Brooklyn Bridge, and I think I'll take it tomorrow, at noon." With these words he walked quickly away and lost himself in the noon-day crowds.

Boy, what a crack-pot he is, I thought. Then I began to think. Suppose . . . suppose he really *did* intend to do something to the Bridge, say blow it up. I ran up the steps of Borough Hall and headed for the Borough President's office.

A few minutes later, the President was shaking my hand and telling me that he'd notified the police and that everything was under control. He cautioned me not to say anything that would put the little guy on his guard, so I promised to hold the story until the next day.

That night I tried to sleep but I kept seeing Phineas jumping up and down and shaking his fist at me. For some reason I had a peculiar feeling in the pit of my stomach, the way I usually do when a big story is about to break. Finally, about three in the morning I fell into a restless sleep and dreamed of bridges floating away in the air.

The next day, I decided to go down to the foot of Fulton Street where I could get a good view of the Bridge, just in case. At eleven-fifty on the nose, I was standing near the bridge block on the Brooklyn side of the East River. The police had halted all traffic and were waiting in suspense, for the zero hour. I looked up at the bridge and wondered where Phineas would strike. Just then the noon-day whistle blew.

I looked all around but I couldn't see any signs of excitement. Then something made me look up. There in the sky, a fleet of dirigibles was flying toward the bridge. Odd, I

thought. I've never seen more than one at a time. As I watched, things that looked like long cables snaked out from the fleet and hooked onto the bridge. Then, before anyone could catch his breath, so help me, the bridge rose straight up into the air and sailed away with those dirigibles. I just stood there with my mouth hanging open. He did it! Phineas did it! I found my voice and shouted, half-hysterically, "Somebody, stop that bridge!" But it wasn't any use. The bridge kept right on sailing until it was completely out of sight.

I looked across the water to New York. With the bridge gone it seemed awfully far away. I kind of shook my head and looked slowly around me. All the people were staring across the river, too. No one could believe it. I started to walk away, but I had to look back once more. Yes, it was gone alright. All I could see was the blue sky—no bridge.

I called the paper and told the City Editor. He haw-hawed in my ear and said something about a New Year hangover. I bet him a hundred dollars that it was gone. He told me not to wait until summer for my vacation. I needed it now. Finally, I talked him into going down to the river with me. Sure enough, it was gone.

When we got back to the office, it was in an uproar. New York wanted to know if what they didn't see was true. Everyone, that is, all the newspapers, resolved to sit tight and wait. We didn't want to be made national laughing-stocks in case it was some new kind of mass hysteria. No one wanted to make the first step, so we waited.

On the way home that night I walked through deserted streets although it was still early. Everyone

was afraid to show his face. There was a mysterious gloom settling over the whole city. It was terrible.

Things went on like this for a couple of days. All means of communication with other cities had been cut off. We were in a state of isolation, lonely and afraid, until suddenly there was a return to the normal, that is, to the usual abnormal.

A tough gang from the Brownsville section of Brooklyn broke into one of the big savings banks (you remember the one) and stole almost a million dollars. The police gave chase and cornered them in an old warehouse near the East River. They must have had an arsenal in there, because no matter how hard the cops tried to get in they were always repulsed by the steady stream of machine-gun fire. Tear-gas bombs did no good either. The crooks had gas-masks, too. A crowd of people gathered to watch and wait with the police. Some guy wondered why no one thought of blowing up the place, but a cop pointed to a big gasoline tanker offshore. It had run aground in the early morning fog and the gasoline would have to be removed before it could be set afloat once more. "One little spark in that direction," said the cop, "and poof, no shop, no dock, no warehouse, no crooks, etc." It looked helpless.

While I was talking to one of the other reporters I suddenly saw Phineas in the crowd. I muttered "see you later" and pushed my way toward him. Instead of running, he waited for me to join him. I grabbed him by the arm at last, and was just about to holler for the police when he said "Wait." So, I waited, keeping a firm grip on his sleeve all the time. "I want to talk to you" he whispered. "Can we go somewhere where it's

less conspicuous?" I dragged him down the block to a small alley. "All right, talk," I said.

"I want to apologize, first of all, for putting the city to so much trouble. I really shouldn't have lost my temper. It was childish of me, I admit." Childish to steal the Brooklyn Bridge. "I noticed that the people seemed rather annoyed," he continued. Annoyed? They were worried, and scared, too. You don't have a bridge stolen from you every day. "I'd like to bring it back" I heard him say. "Bring it back?" I almost shouted for joy. "How, when, why?" "But" he said. Oh, Oh. I knew there'd be a catch to it. "But . . ." I prompted. "But" he repeated, "I have to protect myself. I don't want to go to jail, or anything as crude as that. How can I redeem myself in the eyes of the people, and, of course, in the eyes of the police?" He had a point there, I decided, so I thought hard.

Then, I had an inspiration which took my breath away, and I'm not often breathless. "Suppose," I began, a little afraid of my own idea, "suppose you could send for your dirigibles, and pick up that warehouse, and . . ." Here my thought failed me. And what? "Dump the crooks out" Phines suggested timidly. "Could you do it?" I gasped. "Certainly," was the reply.

It was at this point that I began to think I was losing my mind. Well, I decided, let's not do this half-heartedly. "Yes, dump 'em out" I ordered. "Right" answered Phineas, and ran down the street. I leaned back against the wall of a building and closed my eyes. All this wasn't really happening. It was all a nightmare, the result of hard living. I suddenly resolved to take my vacation as soon as the world righted itself once more.

I must have stood there for some time because I was aroused by Phineas' voice saying "Any time now." I started, and stared at him. He was smiling confidently. "Let's go down the street and watch." I nodded and we returned to the crowd near the warehouse. Some time went by and I was beginning to wonder if Phineas was stringing me along, when, over the sound of gun-fire, I heard the roar of motors overhead. Everyone looked up. The dirigibles were back!

I gazed in a numbed state as things resembling cables snaked out from the fleet and hooked onto the warehouse. I stared, with everyone else, as the warehouse, with the crooks inside, sailed up into the air for about thirty or forty feet and then stopped dead. Then, as we watched, the cables started to swing slowly back and forth and, with a sudden movement, tilted the warehouse at a ninety degree angle. Crooks, guns, loot, everything, tumbled out. The police grabbed the "tough guys" now bruised and battered by their falls. I turned around to look for the little guy but he was gone.

"Hey, Eddy," someone called. "What's that in your hat-band?" I looked. It was a note from Phineas: "Look for the return of an old friend at noon tomorrow." I trembled so much I could hardly hold the note. "What's the matter?" "What hit you?" Some of the others called. I said nothing, but made a sudden dash for a cab. We drove through all traffic lights in a wild dash to the office of the Borough President.

The next day word went around that the bridge was coming back. (Phineas had it resting on a desert

out in Arizona.) A huge crowd assembled down around the foot of Fulton Street and a brass band was playing loudly. The press was there, getting opinions and taking pictures. The Borough President arrived in a big car and came right over to me. "I hope everything will be alright" he said. I crossed my fingers.

As the twelve o'clock whistle cut through the noise of the crowd there was a sudden hush, and everyone looked up expectantly. You could hear the silence. Then, over the rooftops the dirigibles hove into sight, and with them, (I could hardly see for the tears in my eyes), was the bridge. It came down and rested gently on its foundations.

Everybody heaved a sigh. Then, the tension broke. Women had hysterics, men pounded each other on the back and couldn't stop grinning. The Borough President ran out onto the bridge and kissed it. The eyes of the Police Commissioner were filled with tears. The band began to play "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow". It was wonderful. Then, all of a sudden, I remembered the little guy, Phineas.

I looked up at the dirigibles still flying over-head and there, going up a rope-ladder, was Phineas. I could see him waving his handkerchief and I waved back. The dirigibles circled once around the bridge, dipped their noses in a last salute, and then flew away. For some strange reason I felt as if I were losing an old friend. I sniffed once or twice, (I must have been getting a cold), and then turned away from the rejoicing. I wanted to be alone.

When did all this happen? Why, you remember. Don't you? I saw you there.

PREREQUISITE

Sensitive, shy, quiet child . . .

Fired with a mission.

It is your lot . . .

To build

To make

Produce

Create!

Alone, against a world of dullness

Awed by knowledge

And caught in the web of study

To learn

To learn

To learn

An all-consuming passion!

Books devoured whole

Hemingway, Joyce, Gogol

Kafka, Turgenev, Dostoyevsky

Over

Over

Over

Enraptured.

Nietzsche, Schopenhauer, Bergson

Dewey . . . Dewey and pragmatism

Welcome dissent!

Intellectual

Liberal

Rebel

Synonymous.

Entranced by Van Gogh . . .

And Arles . . . and the yellow house.

Picasso's Wrestler, your wondrous discovery.

The table turns

A record spins

Wearing thin

A Bach

Concerto.

I think

I think

I think

I

King of your rarified world

Rejecting formulas

Scorning the ordinary

Ignoring the usual.

Absurd child

Are you yet blind?

You are serving

An apprenticeship

Fulfilling

A prerequisite,

That few escape.

You did not.

You are

A pattern . . .

You are

Mediocrity.

Lilian Fox



THE GENIAL GENDARME

The subway commuters among you probably pass the gentleman in question at least twice a day, and yet, you may never have occasion to talk with him.

The man to whom I refer is the traffic officer at Flatbush and DeKalb Avenues; and he could perhaps claim the title of "The-Man-Most-Often-Addressed-by-Complete-Strangers." The fact that his primary purpose is to direct traffic at one of Brooklyn's busiest corners (he told me the next busiest spot in Brooklyn is Flatbush and Fourth Avenues) seems of little interest to the hundreds of people a year who ask for directions.

"Out-of-towners, I can spot right away," he says. "They're always a bit embarrassed, and sometimes can't even give me the right address!"

"New Yorkers are different, though. They seem annoyed to find a certain street isn't where they want to put it, and they're always in a great big hurry."

This officer is usually asked the ordinary questions about locating a particular place, but once in a while an odd one will appear. There was the woman who asked if the buttons on his uniform were genuine brass. Now, perhaps if you were standing at a busy corner of mid-town Brooklyn trying to direct on-coming traffic, and also making sure no "jay-walkers" paraded into the path of an on-coming truck, your answer would be slightly abrupt and probably inaccurate. But the policeman just smiled, thought for a moment, and

then explained that the buttons were genuine brass, but that during the war, they had been brass-plated. The woman thanked him for the information, and the policeman continued directing traffic.

"It's all in a day's work," he said. "Nothing exciting ever happens here. You have to go to New York to find the really strange questions."

"Once or twice a week, some child will be wandering around in front of the subway station over there. I take him in tow, keep an eye out for a distraught looking mother, and sure enough, a few minutes later, she'll appear. You know, these mothers seemed surprised to find their children with one of us, and yet, who's a safer companion than a cop? Sometimes though, I get pretty angry with those mothers. In front of me they don't say anything to the child, but as soon as they reach the curb, the boy gets his ears pinned back! I'd like to punish the parents!"

As the policeman spoke with me, he kept directing traffic, and suddenly a car with an Illinois license tried to turn onto DeKalb Avenue before the light had changed. With a quick movement of his hand and a sharp retort of his whistle, the officer signalled the driver to wait.

"I've worked this section sixteen years, and I haven't found an out-of-towner yet who'll pay attention to traffic signals," he exclaimed.

As we stood there, two people came up to him—one asking directions to the Brooklyn Hospital and

the other to the Department of Welfare Building.

"You see, it's simple questions that I have to answer. Yes sir, New York's the place for odd sayings and amusing incidents. Why, last year, some

woman approached a friend of mine who has one of the busier sections just outside one side of Central Park. She asked him if the ice was frozen on the lake. But he had his answer for her. He said, 'Look, lady, if it isn't frozen, it isn't ice.'"



THE MODERN MAGDALENA

A tiny figure of a woman rushed through the streets of Paris and made her way into a very fashionable neighborhood. There, she paused an instant before a beautiful and modern apartment house. Then, she went in and stood before a door marked number 324, and nervously rang the bell.

"Mon Dieu! It's you, Giselle! Come in! Come in!" exclaimed the beautiful woman as she opened the door. "It's been such a long time."

Rolande Vivier led her friend into a huge living-room and invited her to sit in one of the leather arm-chairs.

"My husband and I arrived in Paris just two days ago, and, knowing you were in the city, I had to come to see you. I must confess I was somewhat reluctant to come. It's been three years since we last saw each other and in the meantime you have become a great actress, Rolande. I was not sure if you would be glad to see me."

"Oh, but of course, I am glad you came. I have often thought of you. You are still my best friend, Giselle; in fact, my only true friend. I did not know where you lived . . . but here you are! Oh, Giselle, it's good to see you again!"

The two women talked together for a long time, about the fun they had in the past. They talked about their childhood days at the convent-school.

"Remember how thrilled you were once, when they had chosen you to play the part of the Virgin Mary in the annual Christmas play?"

"Yes," whispered Rolande, "but that was a long time ago."

Giselle said nothing for a moment, but thought what a change had come over her friend in the past three years. Rolande had left her family to follow a man who promised her fame, wealth—everything her heart desired. Rolande was exceedingly pretty and wild, then. She wanted to go on the stage and there was her opportunity. Yes, she ran away with him . . . and she did meet with success. After him had come others. She had beauty and talent and knew how to use both to her advantage. Once in a while she wrote to her friend, Giselle, but after awhile, no more letters came. Giselle knew Rolande was busy with many things, yet she felt she should keep in touch with her. Rolande had fallen in with the other "free-living" people . . . and was rapidly working her way to eternal doom.

"Religion has no part in my life now," Rolande explained. "Imagine the ridicule I would have had to endure had I remained a pious and virtuous woman. I could not have all this luxury and religion, too. No, they do not mix."

"But, tell me, Rolande. Are you happy? Don't you feel any remorse sometimes? Don't you remember the

things we were taught by the good Sisters, back in our convent days? Have you forgotten all of that?"

"No, I haven't, Giselle. I do think of those things in spite of myself, but there is nothing I can do. It's too late to turn back, now. I am in too deeply."

"It's never too late, Rolande. Think what would happen if you were to lose your beauty. Do you think that this Count with whom you are now living would keep you here, in these surroundings? They have loved your beauty, but never you for being just you."

"Yes, I know. I grow afraid when I think of it. These past months I have been restless. I feel better today because you came. You always seem to be there whenever I need you."

"I must go now, Rolande. My husband will be home soon and I must prepare dinner. How I wish you had found a good husband like my Jacques. Do come to see us. You are always welcome. Here is the address. We are staying in Paris only a month, then we are going back to Lyons. Please come."

The two friends bade each other a fond goodbye, and parted.

Giselle found herself walking on the boulevard once more. She was extremely sad. She did not start home immediately but made her way into a little church where she sat down in a dark corner and prayed with tears in her eyes, for her friend who was losing her soul. She prayed as she had never prayed before, and begged the good God to grant her this request, that her friend might be brought back to the fold. Then, she dried her tear-soaked eyes and, confident in the goodness of the Almighty, she left the church.

Rolande, upon the departure of her friend, found herself very much alone. She kept hearing her words over and over again. She saw the sad eyes which looked reproachfully into her sinful soul.

Rolande tried to think of something else, to read a book, to turn on the radio, but it was no use. She felt alone, so alone and desperate. For the past months, she had been tortured by thoughts of death or sickness. She knew Count Du Hameau did not love her. Nobody loved her. What a terrible thing it is not to be loved. To pretend that you love when all along the only thing you feel is contempt and disgust.

She found some relief in tears. Suddenly, she was startled by the ringing of the telephone. It was the Count. He was sorry, but he had to remain away for the night, due to a business engagement. He would be home in the morning.

Tears of rage streamed down her face. Business! Ha! It was probably another woman. "The old fool!" she thought. "Why should I care!" She threw a coat over her shoulder and went out to eat. As she left, she thought: "Had I known he would not be home Giselle and I could have had supper together."

She went to "L'Oeuf d'Or," a restaurant nearby, and ordered something, she did not know what, exactly, and did not care. Afterwards, she hurried back to her apartment. It was cold and dark inside; she felt as though she did not belong there, or anywhere, for that matter. Tomorrow she would feel better, she thought. Right now she needed sleep.

She undressed and went to bed, leaving the window open as usual in order to get the evening breeze. Ex-

hausted, she fell asleep!

After awhile, she awakened to find that the night air was too chilly. She trembled under the cold, satiny sheets, threw back the covers and slipped into her dressing-robe. She would close the window and be able to get some much needed sleep.

As she drew near the window, she stopped. Outlined against its frame stood a tall figure clad in black!

For a moment she thought it was something fancied by her imagination. She stood still and waited . . . To her horror, the figure moved! . . . Rolande could not scream or move . . . Fear paralyzed her.

The figure did not speak, but beckoned to her to follow it. She felt herself being lifted through the air and floating out the open window. Somehow, she glanced back into the room, and saw herself lying on her bed.

Rolande felt numb, dazed! If only she could cry out. No sound came from her throat. Suddenly, she knew! She was dead! and this black-shrouded creature was Death!

Over the city they drifted, over the clouds . . . into the starless sky. It had all happened so suddenly. Where was he taking her? She was afraid to know.

Then, they descended into a hilly region, somber and gray. HE led the way into a black cave. Rolande saw flames springing out from the walls. She heard unearthly shrieks and moans. The odor of sulphur prevailed everywhere. There was no way out! Everything ended in there . . . This was the place of the god she had worshipped during the past years of her existence. This was the creature whose existence she had been told about and warned against, but into

whose service she had entered. Now he was about to reward her—with an eternity of suffering. She could do nothing to save herself; nobody could save her. The God she had betrayed during life would not help her now. This was not His domain—this was the place of SATAN! and even now he awaited her joyfully. Another soul was added to his kingdom.

The hellish creatures jumped about her shrieking with glee, looking up at her with their frightful red eyes. She hid her face in her hands and trembled from head to foot. Oh, if only she could start over again! If only she could live anew, things would be different. She would never sin again.

Rolande's whole life passed before her eyes. She saw the misery she had caused to her family, to her friends. She saw the sins of her life, the homes she had broken, the people she had hurt through her selfishness and conceit. Remorse dug into her doomed soul like daggers into an open wound.

Then, Death led her to the end of the long hall, and stopped before a massive door. The odor of sulphur was more acute than it had been before. The heat was unbearable. The shrieks and moans coming from behind that door were terrifying! She heard the hellish creatures laugh.

Death spoke: "We have come, MASTER! Your new servant is here!"

There was a long raucous laugh, and a voice more frightening than all others exclaimed: "ENTER, WOMAN! ENTER!"

Slowly the huge door began to open! Her heart pounded madly within her. Fear such as she had never known before, seized her. She cried to God to help her. The door

continued to open. Rolande saw deformed figures staring up at her from a flaming black pit! She screamed out in terror! and, as the door swung completely open, the miserable woman fell in a heap on the ground.

* * *

"Rolande, wake up! Wake up!"

Somebody was shaking her. Rolande screamed hysterically and dared not open her eyes. Yet, it was a kind voice which addressed her. She held her breath and looked up.

"You must have had a bad nightmare, darling. I heard you screaming as I came in. You gave me quite a scare. Are you alright now?" Jean Du Hameau asked, but she was unable to answer him. She only shook her head and cried with relief.

She was not dead! She was alive once more! God had helped her! Had it been—only a dream? It had been too vivid to be just a dream.

Somehow Rolande got through the morning. She did not tell the Count about the dream, but waited until he had gone. Then, without a moment's hesitation, she gathered a few things together in a suitcase. She went to the desk, and wrote a farewell note to her lover asking him to forgive her and not to try to find her. She was leaving the stage forever.

Then, when Rolande reached the door, she glanced back into the luxurious apartment once more, sighed, and closed the door behind her. It seemed as though she were shutting in her evil life, too, leaving it behind her forever. She quickened her steps. In her hand she held a small piece of paper with an address written on it.

Rolande did not stop until she

found herself in front of the house with the corresponding number. She rang the bell and soon she heard hurried steps. Giselle opened the door. For a minute she was so surprised that she could not talk.

"Giselle, I had to come! I had to come! I have changed. I have left Jean and the stage and all my past life for a new start. Listen to me, Giselle. Don't look so startled. You will understand after you hear the dream I had last night, only I am sure it was not quite a dream but a prediction, a warning, and also a confirmation of all my doubts."

Rolande proceeded to tell her friend about it, and, after she had listened, Giselle silently thanked the good God Who had answered her prayer so swiftly.

"You must leave Paris as soon as possible, Rolande. It holds only bad memories and heartaches for you. Tonight, you and I will leave for Lyons. Jacques will understand. He'll join us there, later."

Rolande did not refuse the generous offer of her friend. She was glad to accept. That evening, the two women boarded the train for Lyons.

Two weeks later, Rolande Vivier was a new woman; she had gone to confession and her soul had regained sanctifying grace. The day she walked up to the altar to receive the Divine Host, for the first time in many years, she felt a calm and a happiness sweep over her being. She had never before looked so lovely, and, as she knelt before the altar about to receive the Host, a voice seemed to drift out from It, saying: "All is well now, Rolande. Welcome back into the fold and sin no more."



Says The Freshman To The Junior

January, 1950

Dear Margaret:

Hi!

Remember when you wrote to me this summer to introduce yourself and Saint Jo's? You said, "You'll never regret one moment at that grand place. . . ." Have I wondered about that this term! You know—assignments piled up, quizzes came along one after another, and it seemed like there was never time for anything but studying—sometimes I felt like I was living under a stack of books. But now that first semester is over I think I'm getting organized, into the swing of things. Want to know the secret of my success?

There is a Junior here who sent a letter once to welcome me to Saint Jo's, and who came in Orientation Week to serve me "luncheon in the Red Room." When school started she lent me her books, and when troubles began, she lent her help. She always had an encouraging word when I would have loved to push those books aside; because of the way she loved Saint Jo's herself, she made me want to be a part of it and love it too. I had a wonderful time when she took me to see *Where's Charley?* and to a real, true "restaurant francaise". And I had a far easier and better time all term, because she was a real friend. Thanks, Margaret.

College can be a lot of fun, too, can't it?—not just in the Rec, but the classes, too, I mean. In one of my favorite subjects there is always something hilarious happening in the class. Last month the professor fell into the waste paper basket. Then, even in

the hardest subjects there's always a sunny side. I got an answer right to-day in math.

Q. Where can we find an example of an arithmetic progression in our daily lives?

A. (brilliantly given) On Take It or Leave It every Sunday!

I wonder if Einstein needs any help with his new theory?

But seriously, you know what I like best about Saint Jo's? Our student government. That was the first thing that impressed me Orientation Week—when I expected teachers to be giving all the talks and found the girls running things instead. Last year at the "Tea for High School Seniors" when Mary McCarty was talking about the honor system she said, "It's a wonderful thing to be trusted, and very few girls misuse that trust." Now I know what she meant. A Sophomore said a few days ago, "The faculty here is swell. Every one of them would give a girl the benefit of the doubt." She was right, too, wasn't she?

But Margaret, the most important part of all are the girls. They're wonderful persons, every one, and they've high ideals of becoming staunch Catholic women. Looking at you upper classmen and the Alumnae of Saint Joseph's College for Women, I'd say this is one place where those ideals are attainable—and I'd like to stay and try for them.

You were right, Margaret. I don't think I ever shall regret one moment at this grand place.

Love from your little Freshie,
Marion

A SENIOR SAYS GOOD-BYE

The day of our dreams is here at last! For four years it looked so distant that any thought about it was vague and misty, as though it could never be a reality. Now with sharp, almost frightening, suddenness the awareness bursts upon us—we must say good-bye, because now that day has taken on reality for us. It is no longer in the distant future. It is today, and it is our day.

The shock of awareness halts the busy round of work and pleasure for just a few minutes while we remember the past and anticipate the future. With our new-found freedom thrown upon us, we are just a little hesitant to accept it because it means turning the page on a known and endeared chapter of our lives, a chapter that can never be relived except in memories, our school days.

When we began as freshmen at St. Joseph's we didn't have quite the same conception of what college meant as we have now that we are seniors. Then we thought it meant just studying harder subjects and learning more about the ones to which we were already introduced, just a continuation school from the study angle, while on the social side there were all sorts of romanticized pictures to make us overlook the work it would entail. Now we know differently and only hope that that is not all that college has actually been for us. Because if it is, we must fearfully admit we have wasted four of the most important years of our lives. Now we know that the success of our college career cannot be measured by the number of "A's" or "B's" we have accumulated on a record. Though the record boast a straight line of "A's" we may yet have failed, and a card with a majority of "C's" could well belong to a perfect success. That's what we didn't see when we started. Then we thought we were working for a record and following that for a "good" job. Now we realize we were getting ready for life, not for an

editorial comment

honor on graduation day and a position following it. Possibly the courses that were apparently failures gave us the most lasting results, since what we achieved required more effort though the mark seemed to indicate little work. Then, too, that will probably be a common experience in life, and we ought to know beforehand how to accept it and benefit from it.

Not a single lecture nor a single person has failed to affect our lives somehow. We may never again be required to prepare diphenylmethane or list the characteristics of an Ionic frieze, but even such tasks should have contributed to our preparation for life. We realize now how foolish it would be to have expected to acquire such an accumulation of facts which will soon be forgotten, and even if not forgotten, would hardly be required of us in the future. But through such varied studies and experiences our interests should be broadened so that our lives will be fuller and happier, and we will be more complete persons, able to appreciate every quirk of life and meet every circumstance with confidence.

When we compare our habits of thought and our outlook on the world in general with what they were four years ago we find the most noticeable change. Much of this was due to our introduction to philosophy and theology, which presented a new and fascinating world of reality which we hardly knew existed before. Acquiring such an attitude is of more significance to us in the future than any number of isolated facts.

And so we stand at the door of St. Joseph's looking back with the eyes of a senior as we once entered looking ahead with the eyes of a freshman. What has passed between can never be undone or done differently. It is now a closed chapter. Our preparation for life is over, and the real test of its success is about to begin. But even as the senior says "good-bye" hesitantly with a fond glance backward, she turns her eyes eagerly forward with high hopes and expectations, and with a prayer that this test, for which there is no "retake", she may pass with honors.

Marie Anne May

The Holy Year . . .

World-wide attention, in all circles, is focused on Catholicism as the Holy Year opens. As the old year faded and blended with the past, newspapers and magazines featured the opening of the Holy Year in Rome as the most important event of the year to come. As the world watches most carefully the proceedings and enthusiasm with which the Church's plans are greeted, looking to Her for a possible solution of its problems, we offer publicly our prayers for its success and spiritual unity with its purposes and aims. Best success story we can think of for this year would be a trip to Rome.

Glad 'n' Sad . . .

February Seniors carried St. Jo's undergrads back fifty years to glance at women's education at the turn of the century in their G. A. program. A lot may be demanded of us now and our griping may be legitimate at times . . . but it occurred to us . . . isn't it nicer to have too much expected of you than too little? In typical flip manner (and we understand it best that way) we think the point came across that we like things fine the way they are today. Program was proof positive too that the grind can't be too bad here at SJC if you can Charleston at the end of four years. We're convinced our college sisters of fifty years ago couldn't have kept up with the pace the Seniors set in their program.



The G.A. was just the beginning of a nice day, as far as the Seniors and the undergrads were concerned. The Farewell Tea, chaired by Mary Heslin, was the nicest we've seen yet. The Committee was thoughtful enough even to dim Rec Room lights for a mellow mood. Climax of the tea was Sister Joseph Damien's farewell address to the seniors. Blending humor with high seriousness Sister's address was perfect. The tea for the poor orphans who leave in February and return in June to graduate is the nicest of ideas and the best of goodbye presents on this "glad and sad" day. Nice to have worries (of the schooltime variety) behind, but Seniors know they're going to be mighty lonely too!

Don't invest in that coke!

"Don't invest in that coke—might stand between you and a trip to Rome!" seems to be the motto of at least half of SJC's undergrads. There have been many very reasonable tours planned for this summer to Europe publicized around the college. Plans have been brewing furiously on ways and means to secure the fare. Looks like several undergrads will get to Rome for the Holy Year—wonderful!

Easier on the Budget . . .

College drug habituals are finding that the service and the prices have improved due to that wonderful old stimulant—competition. With Dave's new luncheonette open, and of course "come hither" low down prices featured, that "used to be jammed" drug is making a new bid to keep its old customers.

Fido may be your fortune . . .

Even though he may never have struck you as being the most talented hound in town his tenants (of course your dog and mine don't have fleas) may be worth a fortune. Interested? Latch on to some glass tubes, appropriate leashes (picture that!), miniature balls, and keep an eye on their antics—watching for natural talents and inclinations (and we thought their talent was limited to making poor pups scratch) and you may find a source of possible income—at least this is the professional flea circus man's approach. For further information journey to 42nd Street (should have expected it there—the street of streets) and watch a genuine flea circus in action. Just another bit of New York color. . . .

On the contemporary scene . . .

We liked the choral singing in the city and downtown department stores during the holidays. Lord and Taylor's choral society suited us to a tee singing daily on the store balcony. Nice proof that we aren't quite as materialistic as advertised, and sophistication is often just a smart coat we wear. Watch the faces of those listening, standing silently . . . a good lesson in faith in ourselves.

My My, Ain't She Sweet!

Latest mad rec sessions feature several seniors who are sure, after post-Senior Ball club-hopping, that SJC has failed them on a vital point. They haven't learned how to do the Charleston in any of their courses. Rounding out their liberal educational background seems to be a main pre-occupation these days, and so Mom has been called in as professor emeritus, and diligent daughters practice this now so popular dance number to the tune, "My My, Ain't She Sweet!" With the comprehensive in the past we think they're entitled to be delightfully flip for a few days at least.

Missing dates . . .

"Thirty days hath September, April, June and November, all the rest have thirty-one, except February to which we assign twenty-eight 'til Leap Year gives it twenty-nine." This verse gem is hereby set down to preserve it for future generations. It will undoubtedly, with the inception of the new world calendar now on the U. N. agenda, be discarded as outmoded. The proposed calendar will among other things assign thirty days to all but four months (even February is counted in on this increase). January, April, July and October will be favored with thirty-one days. New Year's Day will have no date assigned to it, but will instead be an international holiday. And holidays will never fall on Sundays. Instead they will have definite days—Christmas will always be Monday, etc. All this is being done to give uniformity to accounting and general planning. It's just fine but to cheat us out of Leap Year is a mean trick indeed. . . .

Stella MacNeill writes about Nan's Problem, she was growing up and she was finding it difficult. But after all . . .

C'EST LA VIE

Sunday afternoon at the Gerrity house was usually quiet and peaceful. In fact, it was about the only time in the week when you didn't feel that Times Square might be more peaceful. Usually Mr. Gerrity settled down for a nap after dinner, Mrs. Gerrity got a chance to read Brooks Atkinson, and Nan started doing homework. But it wasn't so on this particular Sunday,—because Nan had just been 'stood up'!

"It is a stand-up, Mother! It couldn't have been plainer if he'd just not appeared on Saturday night. How could he do this to me? And after all the things I've done for him?—like writing his book reports and collecting those pictures of new cars. How could he?"

Mrs. Gerrity tried to soothe her only daughter as the man of the house came down to see what had disturbed his rest.

"Well, what's all the excitement? First a jangling telephone and then Nan having hysterics. Would someone please explain the causal relationship?"

"Shh, dear. Nan is rather upset. Scooter just called and said he couldn't take her to . . ."

"Not 'couldn't', Mom, he said he wouldn't! Oh, what'll I do?"

"What is it that he can't or won't take her to, Margaret?"

"The Charity Ball at the college, dear. You remember—next Saturday. We got the dress yesterday—

you know."

"Oh, yes . . . yes. And that young pup refuses to go?"

"Now don't get excited, Neil. Nan, calm down, dear, and tell us what he said."

"Oh, Mother, he's so mean . . . Wolfe Larsen was hurt playing football and since he can't go to the dance, Scooter says that he won't go either. Isn't that stupid? And it's my first college formal . . . and I won't even be able to wear my new dress now."

"You mean that because Wolfe is unable to go, Scooter won't go without him?"

"Yes, Daddy, they're inseparable . . . and Scooter says that out of loyalty to his friend he thinks he should wait for the next dance to 'make a fool of himself in a "monkey-suit"'—he won't go by himself."

"That boy won't have trouble making a fool of himself anywhere—in or out of a tux! Had he told you before that he would go?"

"Of course he did . . . weeks ago. It was all arranged. Phyl and Wolfe and Scooter and I were to drive over in Mr. Larsen's car; but now that they can't go——"

"Was the boy hurt badly, Nan?"

"Just a sprained ankle, Mom . . . just enough to spoil everything."

"I think that there must be some solution to the problem, dear. Why not ask Gerry to come down from West Point next week-end? They

wouldn't know he was your cousin."

"His girl, Peggy, is going up to the Point for the Michigan game next week, so that's out."

"Well, something will turn up. Say, we'd better get ready to go over to Uncle Mike's. They said supper would be early."

"Mother, I don't want to go. I wouldn't have a good time, and I should stay home and study."

"Is this my daughter? I can't stand it! Studying? Gad, what will she think of next?" Mr. Gerrity grinned at her fondly.

"Neil, don't tease her," Mrs. Gerrity warned softly. "Well, I really think it will do you good to come, Nan. That French boy has just arrived and he should meet some young people right away. Besides, Uncle Mike will be disappointed if you don't come. He has rather exaggerated your charms to Jacques, I think."

"Oh, I almost forgot about him. I guess I have to then, don't I?"

The telephone rang again and as Mrs. Gerrity started upstairs she heard Nan say, "Hi, Phyl . . . Yes, isn't it tragic?"

It is too bad, she thought, sighing.

"Worried about Nan and that dance, Marg? her husband asked.

"Oh, yes, dear. She had counted on it so. It's the first dance of the year at Maryville and she was so excited about it. She'd signed up to help decorate the auditorium . . . It's going to be pretty hard to tell the other girls that she's not going."

"Aren't there any other boys she can ask? It seems to me that there are enough kids dancing in the rumpus room whenever I want to watch the television . . ."

"Unfortunately, Nan's crowd all go steady. It means they date just one boy. Sort of 'date-insurance'; so now

Nan feels she can't ask any of the other boys."

"Mean thing for Scooter to do, under those circumstances."

"It was rude and inconsiderate, certainly. When he finally gets into college and begins to grow up it will be better for that boy. Nan's being ahead of him in school always made him seem younger than he really is."

"He isn't very mature, that's certain. Think of that French boy, Margaret. He's just about Scooter's age, I imagine, and he's seen so much suffering and horror. He was with the Underground when he was only ten years old, and both of his parents died in concentration camps. These American kids don't know how lucky they are."

"Mike's been trying to get him across for the last three years. Poor boy . . . waiting for those papers to get through. He must be glad to be here."

Jacques Roget was certainly glad to be in America. He'd dreamt about it ever since one of the many grimy American pilots he had helped to escape from occupied France had sworn to repay him by bringing him to New York and sending him through college. It had taken four years, but Jacques had finally arrived.

"I have been so happy here, even in one week I feel how good your people are," he told Nan that night. "Your Uncle Mike . . . I can not say how I feel toward him and his wife. They treat me like I am their own son!"

"Uncle Mike wouldn't be alive if it hadn't been for you, Jacques. None of us will ever forget that." Nan smiled. The tall, thin boy was quite attractive, as she had been surprised to find, and she liked his careful selection and pronunciation of words.

His English was really very good and he was pleased when she told him so.

"I have been in England some few months before I am able to get on ship, and there I talked with many people so I could improve my English; but some of them I had such trouble to understand . . . the cocky? or cockney? They are most difficile."

They were laughing at this when Mr. Gerrity exclaimed, "Nan, why don't you ask Jacques to go to that dance?"

Mrs. Gerrity saw Nan's embarrassment and interjected quickly, "Now, Neil, we old folks don't have to make plans for the children, you know."

"Well," stammered Nan, "maybe Jacques doesn't dance, do you?"

"No, Mademoiselle, I have never danced. But by England, I watch the soldiers dance with the young ladies. It is—how they say—jolly good fun."

"It wouldn't even take you a week to teach Jacques to dance, Nan," the irrepressible Mr. Gerrity continued. "How about that?"

Mike also thought it a good idea. "Sure, Nan, Jacques would enjoy meeting your friends. It's about time a boy of eighteen could dance, don't you think?"

"Well yes, if Jacques would like to go . . ."

"I would be enchante, Mademoiselle Nan, if you think perhaps that I am not too stupid to learn?"

"Of course not, my boy. You can give him his first lesson in the playroom now, Nan."

"O.K., Uncle Mike. Well, let's try it, Jacques."

Going home that night, Nan could hardly keep back the tears.

"Why did you have to say that, Daddy? I just can't take him."

"Why, kitten, I thought that would solve everything. He's such a nice

kid and . . ."

"Why can't you take him, Nan? He has nice manners, and he is rather good-looking . . ."

"Good-looking? Oh, Mother, the girls expect a Frenchman to look like Louis Jourdan, and he certainly doesn't. And you have to be smooth for a college dance . . ."

"Smooth like Scooter?" her father interrupted.

". . . and he's so clumsy I couldn't teach him to dance in ten weeks! And besides, Phyl said this afternoon that as her friend it wouldn't be right for me to go without her."

"Well, if that isn't idiotic. Really, Nan, can you call her a friend when she is interested only in herself and is never concerned about your happiness?"

"But, Mom, she's the head of the sorority and if she gets mad at me the other girls will have nothing to do with me either."

"I thought that silly sorority would have to disband at Maryville . . . that they didn't allow them?"

"There aren't any recognized sororities, but our crowd is just as exclusive as it was in high school."

"You know I don't like that system, Nan. But I guess you'll have to find out for yourself just why it isn't right. If you can't see it, my talking won't help you."

Mr. Gerrity interposed quickly. "About Jacques, Nan. I suppose I was out of order suggesting that you take him . . . but if you turn him down, he'll be very disappointed. What can you say to him?"

"Couldn't I be ill Saturday night? I wish I didn't have to be a hypocrite, but he's so different. Everyone would laugh. It would be just awful."

"So you'd let the boy plan on it all week and then pull a faint? I'm

ashamed of you, Nan." Mr. Gerrity spoke sternly. "Scooter was far more honest with you than you're being with Jacques."

"But he wouldn't know how to act. He's never been to a dance. What would people say?"

"It's your decision, Nan. We won't say any more about it."

Nan was having lunch in Skylar's drug-store the next day with Phyl and the 'crowd' when Betty Morrison smiled over at her on her way out.

Phyl said slyly, "Oh, I didn't know you and Betty were friendly, Nan. She dates the worst droop. I even believe she's bringing him to the C.B. He doesn't go to college, and he stutters, and he's just pathetic looking. Is he a friend of yours, too, Nan?"

The girls started to giggle, but stopped as Nan looked at them angrily.

"I don't see that it's any concern of yours whom Betty brings to the dance. Maybe he looks like a droop to you but as long as she likes him that's all that's necessary."

"Well, I didn't mean to upset you, Nan. But really, bringing someone so different. He's just not in our class. Let's forget it, shall we? Oh, what's that D.P. like that your uncle brought over? Did you see him last night?"

"Yes, I saw him."

"Oh, he must be funny. Does he know any English at all? I think foreigners are hilarious."

"He speaks perfect English—practically. And if you want to see how 'funny' he is . . .", Nan looked at the other girls, took a deep breath and said, "I'm bringing him to the Charity Ball!"

"They were flabbergasted, Mom," she told her Mother that night. "I didn't know I was going to say it . . .

I just did. I knew I had to show Phyl that her ideas don't affect me anymore. I don't care what she thinks. You know, Mom, she's very unenlightened. Well, I'm going to call Jacques to come over for a dancing lesson. Maybe he was just nervous last night. We might not be so bad after all."

They were certainly not so bad! Nan felt that they made quite a good-looking couple, and as Jacques guided her over the floor with sure, easy steps, she wanted to dance all night. As she had struggled with her camellias upstairs, the President of the Student Council had come over and offered to help her, saying that it must be wonderful to have a date like Jacques who had had so many wonderful experiences in the war, and was it true that he had saved the lives of thirty-nine American fliers? The faculty had been most interested in the boy, and the French professors chatted with him about Paris and the war, tout en francais, mais oui!

"I'm so glad that you asked me to come, Mademoiselle Nan," he said as they walked under the canopy into the star-sprinkled night.

"So am I, Monsieur Jacques," she replied smiling up at him.

"I love your country . . . the people are so kind and friendly. They have accepted me, a stranger, and made me feel so at ease. I think I really want to be an American. Perhaps the first thing I could change is my name. One of those boys tonight had a name like mine. Do you remember it?"

"Oh, you mean Jack? Yes, the names are very much alike."

"Would you call me Jack, please? I want to become fully American as soon as possible."

"Yes, of course. I like that. But it

was you whom they liked. You, yourself, not because you were French or any other nationality, but you as you are. I never realized that before . . . Do you know, Jack, I almost didn't come tonight?"

She told him the whole story and when she had finished they had driven up to her house.

"Thank you very much for taking me, Nan. I appreciate your standing up for me like that."

"No, it is I who should be thanking you. I have grown up a little, I

think. We all keep changing in different ways, don't we? You want to change your name and I want to change my attitudes. Isn't that what you mean when you say, 'C'est la vie,' Jack?"

"Oui, 'C'est la vie.' We must grow up, Nan. Sometimes it's a war that changes one, and sometimes it's incidents like yours. Sometimes it happens overnight, and other times it happens so gradually that you do not notice it. But however it comes, understand that it makes you stronger and better. Yes, 'C'est la vie!'"



Constant Love

*Like a piece of sterling
(Infinitely more dear)
Tarnishing with misuse
So shining, polished clear—
Never wearing, always treasured
Passed on down the years.
It mirrors man at his height of triumph
And catches all his tears.*

Carolyn Cardinale

*Emily Post may leave her gloves on but
It's a sure thing Betty Harklin doesn't in*

THE TOUCH OF YOUR *HAND*

Amazing and revealing—that's the only way I find to describe the variations among handshakes. It's amazing that each person has his own particular version of this time-honored social custom, and revealing in that it is expressive of the personality and disposition of its possessor. A typical family gathering will perhaps explain what I mean.

Jolly, talkative Aunt Mae arrives first, and you may as well resign yourself to the loss of your hand for the next five minutes. All her initial remarks will be punctuated with your digits firm in her grasp. Fluttering Aunt Lilly is the next to appear, and somewhere between divesting herself of numerous wraps and admiring the new wallpaper, she will stab, fumble and at last frigidly and unsteadily, in some way manage to momentarily touch palms.

The worst is yet to come though, you realize as a slightly battered '46 sedan pulls up to the door. Dear little Ronald, all of seven, is the first one out and just as quickly tears up the front steps to bestow a liberal portion of his hand's stickiness on yours. Twelve-year-old Bob gruffly squeezes your hand exactly the way he would when wearing a catcher's mitt. Aunt Margaret tenderly takes your hand into her two plump, pudgy ones, remarking, "Dear, you've grown so tall, I just wouldn't know you!" Uncle Mike, not to be outdone, seizes

and presses and pumps your hand with his hardy right paw until you wonder if your shoulder has been dislocated. Prompted by his mother, and considerably embarrassed, fifteen-year-old Michael offers his awkward, clammy palm, ardently wishing he were somewhere, just anywhere else.

Grandpa is the next to shake hands (Grandma having abandoned the practise in favor of moist, enthusiastic kissing as a greeting); there's still a good bit of power in his grasp, little as you may suspect it, and you find yourself quite happy to be released from his arthritic clamp. Right on his heels is Cousin Harold, a ten-year-old imp, who has recently discovered the fiendish joy he can derive from a buzzer concealed in his palm. His six-year-old sister, Genevieve Anne, has decided that attempting to wrest your fingers out of joint is much more fun. Aunt Sarah, their absent-minded mother, offers her limp, cold hand, declaring "she just doesn't know what to do with those children"; laughing heartily, Uncle George reminds her that "boys will be boys, and I guess girls will be girls, too," and proceeds to crush and mangle your hand to the point when you're sure your knuckles will never return to their proper state.

Mutilated and numb by now, your hand has only a ten-minute rest before the newlywed cousins, Estelle

and Tom, arrive. It's the first time shy, nervous Estelle has been to the home of Tom's cousins, and she's caught deciding whether or not to remove her glove, so that you find yourself grasping a handful of empty doeskin. Tom, however, saves the day with a warm, hearty and simple handshake.

While your hand won't be normal for at least a week, Tom has boosted your morale, and that, you feel, is the first step in the treatment of the afflicted member. Now, somehow, you'll endure the day and rebuild your strength—to undergo the good-night handclasps.

Anticipation

*Eagerly, I await the spring . . .
When once again my heart will sing;
For slowly then the world awakes
As happiness within me breaks
To see the tulip's ruddy bloom. A robin gay
Hops cheerily along our way,
While the tall and stately trees
Stir leafy branches in the breeze.
Everything is new once more—
Shinier still than e'er before.
Red shoes and Easter bonnets bright,
Morning sunbeams after night.*

*And then, when all these things return—
Will you not, too—for whom I yearn?*

Stella MacNeil



A PORTRAIT OF CLEOPATRA

A discussion in the Elysian Fields

"Hurry up, Antony. We're about to begin the discussion."

"For a man of action I'd say you were too prone to talk, talk. How you ever had time to become the great and imperial Roman leader is beyond me, Caesar."

"Do I hear a jealous note in your voice, young man?"

"Young? I'm almost as old as you. Just because you had the advantage of a few years in life . . ."

"And the advantage of knowing Cleopatra first, you might add."

"Well, I must admit the truth of that; but she did speak of me often, after I'd saved her father's throne. And, she did remind you, at your departure, that she wanted me in Egypt. Come to think of it, I don't think she particularly mourned your leaving."

"You're right there. She was a selfish little minx . . ."

"I resent that."

". . . who couldn't be trusted behind one's back."

"She was loving and true."

"Then she must have changed amazingly."

"Now you're being insulting."

"Alright. I'll be fair about all this. First, I'll tell our friends about Cleopatra as I know her . . ."

"Just facts. No inventions."

". . . Cleopatra as I knew her, without, I trust, any interruptions."

"Very well."

"And then, if there's anything left to say about her later life, you can say it. I'm not going to haggle over her carcass at this late date."

"What a crude way to put it."

"Crude? Not at all. We are barbarians, Antony, or had you forgotten?"

"Humph."

"Since Antony doesn't seem to have anything more intelligent to add, I will start my remembrances by a description of Cleopatra as I first knew her."

"Cleopatra, at the age of sixteen, was a pretty, sly, coquettish creature, childish in her uneducated behavior, and very easily duped by stories of the bogey-men, the terrible Roman soldiers, who would eat her up in one gulp. She permitted her slave, Flatateeta, to dominate her life. When I, as supreme commander, took upon myself the control of Egypt, I began to teach this young minx the art of queenship."

"A year after my arrival, she had, ahem, acquired some of my habits from imitation. For one thing, she permitted her women to say whatever they pleased about her because, as I had told her: 'Let your women talk; and you will learn something from them.' What, she wanted to know. 'What they are' I'd replied. Her frequent observations on life were merely paraphrases of my own spoken thoughts—the shallow thing. I fre-

quently wondered if she had a brain in her head. (Your sensitivity amazes me, Antony.)

"Yet, under all this supposed polish, she was still her father's daughter, with all his cruel ways and subtle, underhanded plottings. Didn't she, in a moment of combined fear and anger, have King Ptolemy's guardian, Pothinus, assassinated, because he justly accused her of treachery? Of course she was treacherous. It was in her very nature. (Antony, I beg you to be still.)

"Oh, yes, I remember her seemingly grateful submission to my commands because, as she said, I had made her country strong and had crowned her Queen of Egypt. But I knew that she was merely biding her time. Pothinus knew her, too, when he said to me: 'You are to be her catpaw: you are to tear the crown from her brother's head and set it on her own, delivering us all into her hand—delivering yourself also.' Yes, I had reason to be cautious. And my caution was well rewarded, too, for I got out of Egypt with a whole skin. Not you, Antony, eh?"

"Does that final comment mean that you're finished?"

"It does, indeed, my injured friend, it does indeed."

"Then I hope I will be able to salvage the glory of Cleopatra after such scurrilous remarks."

"Fact, Antony. You insisted upon that yourself."

"The coloring was your own."

"Oh, I don't doubt it. But, pray, give us your Cleopatra."

"My Cleopatra (you noticed that I ignore your clever subtleties, Caesar) was already a mature and beautiful woman when I arrived in Egypt. I saw her first, seated on a golden barge

from which rare perfumes arose to excite the senses. Her majesty and splendor were beyond all comparison. I admit that I attended my first banquet with her as eagerly as any boy. There, her flashing black eyes and swarthy complexion first caught my fancy and then my love. It was such a love that blotted out all times and all ages. The world, the universe, might have been chaos and I would never have known. I knew only one thing: Cleopatra and Mark Antony, together and forever.

Yes, I admit that Cleopatra completely captivated me. And, knowing my fickleness, you realize that she must have been the epitome of woman. Her wit, charm and gaiety of manner, her coquetry, intrigued me. She teased me until I was ready to draw my sword against her in my anger, and then would as quickly soothe my hot temper with soft words. Her jealousy, I realize, was wild, almost savage. She whipped the messenger who delivered the news of my marriage to Octavia, the sister of Octavius Caesar, so great was her love."

"Her nature was cruel."

"No. She was carried away by passion."

"If you say so."

"I DO. When I was finally forced into battle against Octavius Caesar, Cleopatra came with me to the battlefield and . . ."

"Was constantly underfoot. The reason why I fought my battles while she was safely confined some other place."

"Her courage and bravery equalled any soldier's."

"Perhaps a soldier in the Egyptian army. Didn't she run away from the battle at sea just at the crucial mo-

ment and you, like an idiot, chased after her, leaving your own men without their leader?"

"I admit my own folly. But she was frightened. Remember, she was only a woman."

"Before you said she had the heart of a soldier."

"You're deliberately trying to confuse me."

"Just looking for the facts."

"To continue. When we had reverses and knew that defeat was imminent, we retreated."

"Wasn't it at this point that Cleopatra bowed low to Caesar's messenger and swore fidelity to the enemy?"

"Well, yes. But my sudden and forceful appearance and the subsequent whipping of that audacious messenger showed her that her old Antony had returned. You see, she thought my defeat had conquered my spirit and that she was protectorless."

"Really? Can you also explain away the surrender of her fleet to Caesar without a fight and her instigation of the rumor of her death out of fear of your anger? All these acts were performed to save herself."

"But she was bewildered, frightened."

"Of course—for herself and her safety."

"Ahem. As I was prepared to engage the enemy one last time I heard a false report of Cleopatra's death (which Caesar just mentioned) and grievously wounded myself in a clumsy attempt to end my life. The rumor proving false, I had my soldiers carry me to her, where, as I lay dying, she swore eternal fidelity to me. Later, in grief at my death, she ended her own life. A magnificent gesture."

"But predominantly a selfish one,

selfish as I expected her to be until the end."

"Selfish?"

"Of course. Her kingdom destroyed, her own person in prison, vanquished, about to be led in triumph to Rome, as Dolabella so informed her, what other alternative did she have but death?"

"It was for love of me that she did it."

"Then, why did she wait so long before rejoining her loved one? The natural action would have been to kill herself over your corpse, so to speak."

"She was confused."

"Was she? She went about your burial very calmly."

"Burial was necessary."

"Yes, but after that? Did she make preparations to die, even then? No. She sent a messenger to Caesar, and very humbly condescended to take a small portion of conquered territory, say Egypt, and to leave the remainder to Caesar. It was only the disgrace of being made a prisoner and the anticipation of marching into Rome as a captive which made her decide upon death."

"Well . . ."

"These are facts, Antony."

"Yes, they are facts . . . But, in spite of all your facts I still say she was a marvelous woman."

"Oh, I'm not overlooking the charm and sweet simplicity of the child on various occasions, and her innocent wonder at my sometimes exaggerated tales of battles fought. Many times, she would coax me to permit her certain pleasures usually denied, and in moments of weakness, which I admit, she would have her way."

"And so often I would try to talk of state affairs when she would coax me to play and dance, or to return

to Rome on military business only to be persuaded to remain a few more days. I admit that it was not hard to be convinced that she would surely die the moment I quit her presence."

"(The conceit of the lover.) We were both taken in."

"I more than you."

"But I dealt with a mere child; you, with a grown woman. In the time between my going and your coming, she matured. She became Queen of Egypt in actuality."

"Yes, she was every inch a Queen and yet, every inch a woman, a rare combination."

"She was a woman made magnificent by the force of sheer personality—always feminine, gay, charming, proud, sensuous, with just enough savagery and treachery to keep you on your toes."

"She was all that and more. But, Caesar, I wonder, now . . . Did she really love me sincerely, with her

whole heart, as she said, or was that, too, deception?"

"Antony, I mocked your love before. Forgive me. Yes, Cleopatra loved you, more than she had loved any other man. Her longing for you during your absence and her joy at your return weren't feigned. She was sincere at every moment. Her subsequent actions may seem to prove the contrary. However, it wasn't that she loved you the less, but rather that she loved herself the more. Do you understand what I mean?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Then, can we agree that although she was a contrary vixen, yet, as you said before, 'she was every inch a woman.'"

"Caesar, friend, my hand on that."

"And mine, friend. Ah, I like a rousing discussion to end amicably. It whets the appetite for supper. Come along, Antony. Will you others join us, too?"

In the Beginning . . .

In the beginning Love was.

He made the light,

He made the sea,

That the light might mirror Love upon the sea,

That when it rains Love might be mirrored in infinity.

Mary Heslin



whitlings..

Here are a few impressions gathered from the incoherent mutterings of a Freshman found in the locker room gnashing her teeth. . . .

"Carefully On Tiptoe Stealing"

*I peeked around the corner,
She wasn't in the hall.
I scuttled through the doorway,
And shrunk along the wall.
I thought I saw fall o'er me
Her shadow on the stair,
But when I looked, the phantom
Had vanished into air!*

. . . it was her first cut.

* * *

Of Mermaids and Monkeys

A strange new species of collegiate life, decked out in Orange bows and Kleenex corsages, appeared in class, the library, and the Rec one fine day in November. There was a monkey and a mermaid in their midst—known in their saner moments as Jeanette Mazzuka and Martha Perrotta. The occasion was Soph Screwball Day.

Now that the screwballs have subsided, how about a Junior Jester Day—complete with cap and bells? Did I hear a cynic remark that the cos-

tumes would be especially "a propos" during exam week?

* * *

"The stairs have sunk.

I went ka-plunk."

wailed the bumped gal in U.A. She got action too! Our new green-tipped stairs are guaranteed slip-proof.

P.S. Please take our word for it. No demonstrations are needed.

Has anyone heard an ominous rattle or clink from the depths of a nearby locker lately? If so, please investigate immediately. Pass by all milk bottles, 4 Roses, and test tubes.

But if you see a Pepsi-Cola Bottle lurking between a gym suit and a cap and gown, grasp it firmly around the neck—along with its owner—and bring both to the light of justice.

There are two whole empty cases whose contents are conspicuous by their absence. The question is: "Who Dun It?"

* * *

Future competitors had better watch out. The aspiring forwards of the Freshman basketball team are not content with making their baskets from the customary position on the gym floor. They shoot theirs from the balcony—and they're getting to be Dead Eye Dicks!

Gingerbread and T. S. Eliot

You wouldn't think they'd mix, but the Literary Society has proved that they do. One member goes domestic each week and provides home-made brownies, cake, and toll house cookies. They're a big hit, too.

One skeptical Math Major quipped, "Did you say you were discussing

Murder in the Cathedral? When an English Major starts to cook, you can change to *Murder in the Red Room!*"

* * *

Professor: "What did Matthew Arnold say of Shelley?"

Romantics Scholar: "Oh, he was a beautiful but ineffectual angel, always up in the air harping on something."



The Catbird and the Nightingale

(Continued from Page 5)

and the cowboy's lament in the midst of the lone prairie.

Much twentieth-century poetry bears evidence of the quiet simplicity of the folk song and its forms. An early example of this is Edwin A. Robinson's *Miniver Cheevy*. Robert Frost has played with both folk material and form in poems like *Brown's Descant*, or the *Willy-Nilly Slide* and *Paul's Wife*, a bit of apocryphal Bunyaniana.

The work of Stephen Vincent Benét best illustrates the influences of the native elements. In his long poem *John Brown's Body* and in the prose tale *The Devil and Daniel Webster*, he made effective use of the American past. That his masterpiece *John Brown's Body* merited the Pulitzer Prize indicates how well his genius enabled him to transcend the local color of the regional writers. They had failed to achieve a universality in dealing with segments of America's cultural heritage. Benét, however, escaped their pitfalls and fulfilled in some measure the task he set for himself:

American muse whose strong

and diverse heart

So many men have tried to understand

But only made it smaller with their art,

Because you are as various as your land,

* * *

Where the great huntsmen failed I set my sorry

And mortal snare for your immortal quarry.

Benét had begun a long narrative on the Westward movement in America, but the war interrupted him. His projected saga *The Western Star* was still unfinished at the time of his death in 1943.

As yet we have no great complete interpretation of this important event in America's history. Whether the magnitude of the task or a lack of understanding or interest is the reason for this, the fact remains that Carl Robinson's sentiment is still true.

*Our country's strong, our country's young,
And her greatest songs are still
unsung.*

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a tribute
to twenty-five years of student government
Monsignor Dillon's *This Silver Year*
Jean Clune's *To the Undergraduates*
Betty Harkin's *More Than the Classroom*
and Stella MacNeil's provocative
I Love St. Joe's!

spring, 1950



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THIS SILVER YEAR

This is, I suppose, a time for congratulation and jubilation. I am wondering, however, if this message will ever reach those who merit the accolade and who might exult. It is not unlikely that they have quite forgotten the role they played in this unheralded achievement.

It may be that this is a great hour—for us into whose keeping has come the heritage of this quarter century which in this year we commemorate. The few who still walk these now aging corridors, whose memories are the sole link with a crimson past, have vivid recollections of what that group of revolutionists gave and did and sustained that we who follow might live in liberty. It is always so and one sows, but another garners the harvest.

Lest this become a very waste for us and lest we tarry here in indolence it is imperative that all of us, faculty and undergraduates, reflect and resolve. It is past time that we discovered old errors and new ways. So doing—this silver year will bring new sheen and lustre and the future will be glad for it.

We should begin by an honest question concerning the whole fabric of student autonomy. We should ask the disturbing query: "Is the very concept good? Is this really what we think it or is it some domino we wear?"

If we find it so, it is urgent that we quit the farce at once. If the theory is tenable, we must still inquire how it is functioning or if it is operative at all. Again we are vis-a-vis with the hazard of evasion or simulation.

It may seem strange to pose the problem to the administration and the staff since this is a student interest basically. Even the most apathetic instructor must realize that although he has no choice concerning the system into which he comes except the choice of not coming, he is none the less an integrating factor of it. He may resent it for all we shall know. He has a forum for expressing that objection but he may feel that he is such a minority as to make opposition futile.

I do not mean to suggest that there is evidence anywhere in these last twenty years that any considerable part of the faculty harbors antagonism to the student regime. There was much criticism and opposition in the beginning. Perhaps it were better if that had continued or if it were revitalized. Only in such strong winds do great trees survive and what is not worth struggling for is not worth perdurance.

It would seem that the Faculty, like the Students, have accepted the status quo and have done nothing to hurt but just as little to help. The faculty should know that if, in their

maturity, they do not offer diagnosis and therapy, the movement in the hands of the unskilled is likely to fracture on the rocks that dot our course. There are three things that every staff member could do to make a genuine contribution: (1) a fair evaluation of the whole scheme; (2) a just criticism, and (3) constructive suggestions for advancement and employment. I would be much surprised if in the last score of years there had been ten such suggestions from the faculty en masse or as individuals. Surely we should point the way.

It seems opportune here to address a thought to the Alumnae. In all fairness it must be said that our graduates have been most commendatory of our plan of rule and we have literally hundreds of testimonials, but I for one have not seen on record a single suggestion for bettering conditions. In one answer to a questionnaire, there was a very bitter condemnation but it was so evidently the product of frustration that all who read it agreed that it was valueless and this is the only exception over all the years. A good record you say.—True but not as helpful as it might be. We welcome reasoned analyses as we do specific counsel. We can't promise adoption since this is the right of the student body alone. At least we can present the merits of the monition through proper analyses as we do specific counsel.—and we shall.—For all the countless things you of the Alumnae have said and done we are humbly but ardently grateful.

To the Undergraduate, however often it may have been said, there is still justification for repetition of the thought that you are utterly unaware of the kind of government under which you live. This is understand-

able but not less condemnable for that.

We do not recognize the air we breathe until it has been poisoned by chlorine or hydrocyanic acid or befouled by a stench. We do not realize the benison of water until the well runs dry or the reservoir is low.

Most of you have come out of schools of authoritarianism where personal freedom was at a minimum. For a while you are overwhelmed by this new liberty. Very soon you not only accept that as your right but demand things that never could be your privilege. It is only another step when you presume to make decisions that under our contract, as discernible in your constitution, are not within your scope.

It would be interesting for you to trail the years and see if you can find one instance in which the College has failed in its bargain with you. It would be just as enlightening if in "a good and honest heart" you made a decent survey and wrote large the myriad situations in which you have failed yourselves and us. Note well that this is not said in complaint but in a fair evaluation for we do believe that you have done a superlative work down the long years.

It is to be expected that as we advance ever farther from beginnings we should lose cognizance of the initial ventures. It is to be assumed that we forget the hard way by which we came to our present opulence. It seems to me that we might with wisdom declare a moratorium periodically during which we should live v.g. for one year under the same conditions that exist in other colleges across this land. Only so would you know the blessings that are yours.

I deem this the opportune place to call attention to the group (a minority,

I trust) that constantly gripes and, worst of all, insists that this is only play-acting in which some puppeteer, or group thereof, dangle you upon disciplinary strings. If this be so, it is high time that it was exposed. If it be so, why not repudiate your constitution—throw it back in the teeth of the faculty and go on from there? Under faculty rule we would be a much more efficient machine than we are. We would be better circumstanced financially and the college would not be in the peril that is concomitant with this kind of control.

I hope it is not carping to say that there is apparent a deterioration in your system—not great but still evident. The dissipation of your surplus funds is proof positive of this and lest the treasury seem to belie what I say, I must remind you that the college is subsidizing you to the tune of more than \$700.00 yearly "in the coin of the realm." It charges nothing against you for its multiple facilities that are not guaranteed in the bond and its is happy to give you all this. The only reason for injection of this item is that you may not be deceived by apparencies and to remind you that the administration has much at stake in you from every angle and trusts you to the last mill of the farthest penny.

Don't you think it opportune at this safe height of twenty-five years to cast eye of judgment upon your own accomplishments? Do you really believe that you have kept faith with those who gave you this legacy? You have asked for relaxation of faculty regulations and they have been granted. (I have frequently wondered at the wisdom of such indulgence.) If I may take just one out of a score of instances that come to mind: you asked that our policy of demand-

ing that every girl take one extra-curricular activity every semester be relaxed. We went so far with you as to limit that stricture to Freshman year. Can you honestly say that conditions have improved? Can you truly say they have not grown much worse?

What began as liberty can so easily become license unless you realize that each relaxation of discipline given you must be paid for by another willingly imposed by yourselves.

I have been at pains to point out to you that for free men democracy is the only system in the world but for slaves it is poison—"red ruin and the breaking up of laws." I have observed with dismay this current of license rolling rapidly downstream. Sometimes I have grown fearful lest it engulf us all. Because I believe you the best student body on earth, I submit this to your deliberation. I pray the hour may never come when I must relinquish it to your elders.

You would be fair to ask why I do not indicate what I seemingly but hint. I am happy to be given that opportunity.

I see with dread your constant insistence upon dead-lines and penalties. That is not our method and should not be yours. You never seem to think in terms of education and growth.

I regard with trepidation your tendency to violate our principle that there should be no taxes save your U.A. and class dues. "The power to tax is the power to ruin" here as elsewhere. We have faced the fact that most of you can not afford these added tributes. We never impose a tax and we do not approve of your doing so. We found that system rife here. We abolished it after much sorrow. We forbade teachers to ac-

cept presents from groups and individuals. You have used round-about methods to evade that until we of the faculty have had to reaffirm our position.

You have threatened to raise issues in General Assembly, and in a few cases you have—ones that were not in your competence. Have you ever known the faculty to do that in violation of your accepted rights?—but—this is not meant to be an indictment, and I still say that you are worthy of every confidence we have reposed in you. Won't you in all fairness show that you are entitled to yet greater trusts?

Again you ask me to be more definite and again I gladly acquiesce.

1) Don't you think you could do a better job on your finances than you do—that you might become entirely independent of us?

2) Should you not be able to return to a day in the Library when there were no fines and no penalties? This was accomplished by student control but the failure of the undergraduates resulted in the present plan. I might remind you that it was for the same reason that we were compelled to abolish the infirmary.

3) Is it not true that your attendance at your own activities in Dramatic and Glee Club performances leaves much to be desired? This could be cured instantly by imposition of an activities tax which would become a part of your bill, but that would be a defeat for you. It is my own conviction that *Loria* should be taken off the bill. It would be better too if it had to fight to survive.

4) It is very desirable that you should inaugurate a survey of activities even as we did of the college. It would be as beneficial to you as our study has been to us.

5) It is high time that you introduced new outlets for student accomplishment and that they should be feasible, not purely visionary and utterly impossible ones.

These are by way of illustration purely and might be multiplied indefinitely as you will readily agree. I feel that it is not unfair to observe that very few reforms and no really inventive plans have originated within your ranks. This is deplorable since nothing living really remains inert. We are moving one way and that is not forward.

This indeed looks a dark panorama. It is not conceived as such. It is to remind us rather that here after these silver years we must begin a new process that, by some alchemy of ours, may, in another passage of the cycle, turn them to gold.

It would be remiss to neglect to say that you have probably done better than any comparable student group anywhere. It would be fatal to allow you to believe that you have actually achieved Olympus.

Let's forget what we have done of might and greatness. Let us write off too our errors and defeats. Let's start again.

This is not just a lovely experience of which we may boast to an incredulous world. This is not a venture from which we may turn back at our good pleasure. This is a prime factor in our growth. It is an indispensable of our living. It is not just a puerile part of this College of St. Joseph. It is life itself to us and may well mean more than these years of our youth—more than the academic routine—more than the degree we shall one day carry. It is or may easily become "St. Joseph's."



Let's Take an Old Fashioned Walk

With the History 16 Class

CLAIRE CANAVAN

REMIGIA FOY

EILEEN MALLOY

ROSEMARY SMITH

JOAN MCCARTHY

AGNES MAHER

AND DOLORES TOMAO

"Around here? What's so interesting about this neck of the woods?"

"You'd be surprised how much local color we can boast of," high-pressed the zealous History salesman. "Why only one hundred yards away a Revolutionary skirmish was fought right on Sister Lorenzo's doorstep. Can't you picture the librarian and the girls so calm, right on the site where General Croake went whooping and hollering after a pack of Indians? Yes, Clinton Avenue was actually like this."

"No kidding! You really mean it? What about. . ."

"That's not all though. I bet you don't even know how far back the history of this place goes. Why, 'way back in 1638, no less, Peter Monfoort received this land grant from the Dutch West India Company. You've heard of it? Soon after, old John Spader, who purchased the land, cul-

tivated a farm from Green to Myrtle Avenues. So here we can see the foundation of the Hill Section. Quite a history, don't you think? Really, though, two auctioneers, Pine and Antwerp, could talk to you like the couple of Dutch uncles they were, and tell you more about Clinton Avenue. In 1833, after buying the Spader farm, they laid out the street naming it Clinton Avenue in honor of De Witt Clinton, Governor of New York and builder of the Erie Canal."

"I've heard his name among many memorized in high-school days."

"Good for you. But I suppose you never memorized anything in connection with Pratt. He's the one that most folks in these parts still remember and talk about. See the Sisters' Convent? Well, in 1877, after completion of the building, Pratt made it his family residence until his sons married. Then George and Charles

built other mansions on the block, later famous as the College Building and the Bishop's Home. I guess you've heard about Pratt in other connections, though. He . . ."

"Oh, sure! There's the Pratt Institute over on Ryerson Street. Quite a place."

"He has a motto to give every student practical skill along some definite line of work! Many, you know, laughed at his ideas of education, but the old boy clung to his dreams. His buildings cover Ryerson Street between Willoughby and De Kalb Avenues. So you see, not only was he an oil producer and associate of John D. Rockefeller, but a noted educator to boot! Even in those days, we, like everyone else, would have used 'Pratt's Astral Oil,' for indeed, it was a household word."

"Well, what do you know? How about something in the line of mystery or excitement in those far-off days—Why I bet. . . ."

"Do you know anything about Wallabout Bay?"

"Never heard of it."

"Well, at the foot of Clinton Avenue lies Wallabout Bay, which is the site of the Navy Yard. This, too, has an interesting history behind it. Here the British used to anchor their prison ships on which many American Revolutionary soldiers, prisoners of war, died of starvation and disease. Their bones lay buried in shallow shoreline graves until 1846. Then they were discovered and put into a vault. Walt Whitman wrote a poem for the occasion, his *Ode to the Prison Ship Martyrs*, which was sung to the tune of *The Star Spangled Banner*, on July 4, 1846. This vault was placed in a tall monument in 1908. It has become one of the famous sights in Fort Greene Park. Some history."

"Anything cheerful about that park that I pass every day?"

"Sure, did you know Fort Greene was the place to go for fun and frolic? For an Independence Day celebration, you would have gone there, erected tents, and eaten ice cream and popcorn on these fairgrounds. Can you see yourself doing that today?"

"Oh, not today with 'Keep Off' signs and the like. I never knew these familiar places had such a background. Gee, I see the same buildings, school and . . ."

"Churches also, Queen of All Saints on Lafayette and Vanderbilt Avenues helped to make Brooklyn widely known as the 'City of Churches.' It ranks now as one of the most beautiful specimens of Church architecture in the country, and a historic monument to Cardinal Mundelein, then only a monsignor. Its beautiful stained glass windows tell the complete story of the Bible in two hundred and sixty scenes, all worked out in mosaic glass. Its rose window facing Lafayette Avenue ranks among the finest pieces of work in its field."

"Well, about the church where we go bowling . . . that looks . . ."

"We in the know call it the Clinton Avenue Community Church. In 1854, a band of twenty-one pioneers, living in the community, built a fine edifice under the leadership of the Reverend F. K. Stamm. A Congregational and a Methodist Congregation formed the nucleus of the membership. It really lives up to its name, as many organizations hold regular meetings in this church."

"You know, when you look around, there's quite a contrast among all these buildings. Here you have the old style churches and then some-

thing like these new apartment houses."

"But those apartment houses haven't been there too long. Now, if you hit a long fly ball from our outdoor field you'd break one of those windows. But one hundred years ago, the ball would have gone through a window in Mr. Higgins' Soap Factory, which was Brooklyn's largest and best producer of soap. I wonder if back then St. Joseph's girls would have had it said of them, 'She's lovely! She's engaged! She uses Higgins!'"

"What about those new apartment houses?"

That's the Equitable Hill Project, Massive buildings, aren't they? The

Clinton Hill Association really boasts of the development. Its President, Robert Shaw, has said: *The Hill affords every opportunity, both commercially and educationally. The Equitable saw an opportunity of a life-time in this section. In their planning, the architects arranged to build in a manner to preserve its quiet atmosphere.*

"Still think that there's nothing interesting in this neck of the woods?"

"I guess I never thought of it that way. There is certainly a lot that never meets the eye. Now I'll have something to think about when walking along Clinton Avenue, besides the hour quiz at nine."

FROM A BUS WINDOW

The sinking sun sped home with me.

Flame-furls plummeted

From window pane to window pane,

Heralding the churning motor

And flying wheels.

A glorious moment . . .

Chasing the leaping light.

With the wind and the darkness behind

And the road rising ahead.

"Ride on, swift mighty chariot!

On to the West in the sun's gold wake

And take me to China tonight."

Then brakes screeched. Steam hissed.

And the man next door helped me down to the sidewalk.

The wind blew in my face.

And the sun dropped down.

Judy Cummings

Judy Cummings goes to a New England auction and discovers that dreams are broken and mended beneath the auctioneer's sing-song chant in . . .

THE CRYSTAL TRAY

Jen abruptly turned her head and stared unseeingly out of the car window. It wouldn't do for them to see the sudden tears which she had succeeded in swallowing all morning. They wouldn't understand. She leaned back and let the August breeze, fragrant with the scent of freshly cut hay, ripple across her face.

The air smelled just as sweet. Jen had to admit it. The Vermont countryside drowsing in the sun was just as rocky and green as ever. Beulah and Liz, Freehart's Jerseys, were contentedly munching grass under the same old rock maple. Nothing was changed.

Yet, everything was changed. "Mademoiselle" had died suddenly, and somehow life didn't have the right to go on the same as usual.

Jen hadn't felt like this at the funeral—neither in the musty, sickeningly perfumed parlor, nor afterwards in the dim chill of St. Paul's. Mademoiselle Lenoir simply didn't belong in such alien atmospheres. Jen was convinced that her warm, vivacious spirit had never lingered in either place even for a moment. *People weren't really dead until they buried that too.* And up till today, it was still a vital living thing.

Up till today. For Jen, today was the real funeral. Today was the auction. Everybody would probably be in town. This was one auction no one

wanted to miss. Even Mom, who never took much stock in them, had her heart set on a rocking chair for the front porch.

The exquisite Grandfather's Clock which the Lenoirs had brought over with them from France to Canada, the wobbly loveseat and all the stories connected with it, the beautifully bound books, all Mlle. Lenoir's souvenirs, all her treasures—a part of her—were going to be auctioned off to the highest bidder.

"There you go dreamin' again, Jen. You and your father are a pair. Haven't said a word for three miles."

Sarah Calkins cut into her daughter's thoughts just as the '32 Model Six hit a rut, quivering protestingly from the shock.

"Wouldn't you think the town would do something about these roads, Jim? What did they decide at the last meeting? Jim! Are you listening to me?"

Her husband was staring straight ahead, motionless.

"Mom wants to know what action the council's taking about this road, Dad."

"Oh . . . uh . . . I wasn't there," he replied absently.

"Wasn't where?" pursued Sarah.

"At the meeting, Mom." Jen answered for him, trying to keep her voice normal, casual.

"Well, I guess it's too much trouble

for either of you to open your mouths." Sarah relapsed into injured silence.

Jen glanced across at her father curiously. His laconic answers were nothing new, but she had never seen him so preoccupied before. *For the first time*, she thought, astonished, *he does look ten years older than Mom.*

His hands gripped the wheel tightly—not lounging as they usually were. She studied them for a moment. Long fingers . . . strong, brown, lean . . . like the rest of him. How many times had Mom said, "Those hands o' yours were never meant for a farmer, Jim." *They weren't, either. Dad's interests were not in the soil. Never had been.*

"Can you imagine, Jen? I used to have ambitions of being a College Professor," he told her once on one of their rare walks.

"You would have been good at it, Dad," she reflected. "Why didn't you go ahead and be what you wanted to be?"

"The folks could never afford to send me to State U., Jen. But as for you now, honey. You're going if it takes every cent I have."

That was one subject on which Mom and Dad always disagreed. Mom couldn't see the sense in a girl's going to college. She couldn't see the sense in a lot of things. Dad's reading, for instance.

"You've got the child's head stuck in books 'stead o' helping me out with the chores," she'd say. "Two peas in a pod."

It was true. Ever since she could remember, Jen had felt a bond between herself and her father. They always stuck together. It just always was that way.

She could see St. Paul's spires nestling down in the valley below.

She felt in the pocket of her dress for the two fifty cent pieces. They were there—hard and smooth—part of her earnings from the eggs. The money she made on the chickens Dad gave her was supposed to go for her college fund.

That can wait, she had decided, taking the two coins from the tin cannister. This is important. *I've got to bid on the crystal tray. I've got to get it.*

"Please—God," she whispered, as the car rumbled past the Church, "Let me save at least—that."

Jen never saw such a big crowd at a Lanston auction before. She could almost shut her eyes and tell where they'd be. . . . The farmers and their wives clustering outside around the red plush sofa, the mahogany dining room table, the wash tubs—things they could use. City people from the lake . . . inside the spacious barn bending over rickety antiques and bric-a-brac . . . pulling friends over to show them "marvelous bargains." Dealers scratching on pads with short stubby pencils . . . unconcerned . . . appraising . . . taking everything in.

Jen's heart sank. How stark and forlorn all the familiar things looked, away from the rambling house on High Street. There in the barn with the pitiless sun exposing every crack and dent, they suddenly lost all their grandeur and appeared very old and shabby. Instead of standing proud and upright, they seemed to crouch—as if they were ashamed of being seen in such a homely place as a barn.

She began to look for the crystal tray. At last she saw it lying on a table near the platform—all the colors of the rainbow sparkling in its depths. It shone the same as it used to on Mademoiselle's dresser. Jen

remembered the day when she first saw it. She had had a very good piano lesson—played Chopin's *Minute Waltz* with just the right agility and expression.

"You have a fine touch, my child," Mademoiselle had said. "Voilà! See what you can do when you practice!"

Jen had glowed with pride.

Then right in the middle of the petit fours and tea, the music teacher disappeared without a word, to return a few moments later holding a small object in her hand.

"Exquisite, n'est-ce pas?" she asked Jen, showing the tray off proudly. The girl could almost hear her voice—low and musical.

"It's so tiny—and perfect," Jen had exclaimed. "I love it. Where did it come from?"

"A young man gave it to me once. The light that stole into Mademoiselle's eyes made them look even bluer and tenderer than Jen had ever seen them before. "It was the only gift he ever gave me."

"Why didn't you marry him?" Jen was incredulous.

"It wasn't as easy as that, ma chérie. Mother was not well . . . and she didn't like him . . . and . . . I guess I was afraid" . . . she was musing.

"Eh bien, now, that was years ago." Her eyes were alert, twinkling again. "And if you really like it, I will give it to you in June for your seventeenth birthday. I have been intending to, all along, you know. It is fitting you should have it."

But Jen never received the tray from Mlle. Lenoir's hands. She died that Spring. Heart attack, Doc Peters said. She didn't have many relatives, Jen discovered—just a cousin from Quebec who spoke English with a French accent. She remained in

Lanston only long enough to arrange for the auction.

"Here's a good 'un. What am I bid?" Jeb Manners' voice cracked out—harsh and commanding, over the chatter—jerking Jen back to the present. The auctioneer was already going full swing. A small circle had formed around the platform. "Come on, little lady, isn't this a pretty 'un?" Jen glanced up and saw him holding up her favorite candy dish—the pink scalloped one which Mlle. Lenoir used to keep filled with peppermints. It went to the "little lady" for only twenty-five cents.

Jen finally found Mom and Dad in the crowd around Manners. Two boys were lifting the four poster up on the platform.

"Here's the Old Maid's bed. It's a good 'un. Slep' in it all by herself for fifty-one years. Used to look under it every night before she turned in. Never gave up hopin' she'd find someone there, but she never did!"

The crowd chuckled. Two red spots blazed on Jen's cheeks while she struggled with the hot tears that rose to her eyes. She wanted to take the hand-carved bed and the loveseat and the clock—everything—carry them back to the big wooden house where they belonged, pull down the shades, leave them there, and lock the doors forever.

She wanted to get up on the platform in front of them all and make them understand. "Mademoiselle," as Jen called her, wasn't an Old Maid—mousey or ancient or crochety, like the ones in books. She was different.

"Hold on to that 'elan vital' " she used to tell Jen, "that vital spirit. One may lose it as one grows older, you know, Zhen-ee-fere." (She was the one person who could make "Jennifer" sound musical.)

She had held on to it. It was her unique possession. It kept her forever young in heart—forever charming.

She had few visitors besides Jen, and the girl often wondered if she were lonely in the big house. Except for Church affairs, she had little contact with the townsfolk. Lanston never could get "social" with a woman who wore bright colors and sweeping brimmed hats over a faded grey pompadour on the street "at her age," even if she were "artistic."

Every lesson was rich and full of new surprises for Jen. "Mademoiselle" was so impulsive, so totally unpredictable. That was what the girl loved most about her. After the piano lesson, she would read aloud *Cyrano de Bergerac*, she would tell the girl stories about Grand-mère Lenoir's childhood in France—or recite Paul Verlaine. The time flew. Jen used to wonder where it went.

"I'll give ya' fifteen dollars." Phil Pike in back of her, was bidding on the bed. *It's worth at least one hundred*, the girl thought, indignant.

"Who'll give me twenty? This here's a good 'un—a fine antique. Look at that canopy." The auctioneer's eyes travelled back to the bland dealer who stood apart from the gathering on the rim of the crowd. A slight nod, barely perceptible, was all he needed.

"Twenty . . . twenty. Who'll make it twenty-five? It's a give-away at twenty-five."

"Twenty-three fifty." The farmer behind her was cautious, eyes narrowed.

Manners glanced back at the dealer again.

"I got twenty-five—twenty-five. It's a good 'un, Phil. Make it thutty?" he challenged.

The farmer shook his head.

"Going . . . going . . ." Manners'

fist came down with a bang on the top of the table. "Gone for twenty-five dollars." The boys lifted the bed down and handed Manners a small object.

"Look at this odd little piece, folks!" Manners held it high for the crowd to see. "A crystal tray for the ladies' knick-knacks. It's a good 'un. Who'll start it off?"

Jen's heart began to pound. A shiver ran up her spine. *If that dealer takes a fancy to it, I'm lost.*

Manners shot a quick glance backward to see if the article elicited any interest. The professional buyer lowered his eyes, giving tacit approval. Jen was trembling. *Why does he want it? What does it mean to him?*

"Seventy-five cents. I'm offered seventy-five cents. Who'll raise a dollar . . . dollar . . . dollar . . . Manners was beginning his sing-song chant again, swaying rhythmically back and forth.

She took a deep breath. *This is the moment. It's now or never!* Her moist hands nervously fingered the two cold coins in her pocket. The urgency of saving the tray was making her blood race. Suddenly it became the most important thing in the world.

"A dollar," she shouted. Her voice echoed back, hollow and too loud. She felt very small and terribly, terribly young.

Maybe if he sees how much it means to me. She turned and looked beseechingly back at the dealer.

But he was squinting straight at the crystal tray—eyes calculating. Thinking it was just the thing to attract the tourists to his display window . . . worth ten easily . . . yes, he'd give Manners the nod for a dollar and a half . . . that ought to scare off these penny pinchers.

"One and a half. Who'll raise it

to two. S'worth plenty. Come on, Jen. What d'ya say? Two . . . two." He switched his interest to her, waited for a sign.

But the girl looked down. She studied the hay at her feet, dismayed. It was gone . . . gone . . . gone . . . forever . . . snatched out of her reach. If only she had taken more money . . . but a feeling of helplessness, defeat, swept over her . . . he could match every dollar she had in the tin cannister . . . a hundred times. . . ."

"Two dollars."

A quiet familiar voice at her side broke the silence.

Jen whirled around.

Dad? *It couldn't be. Why in the world. . . ?*

"I got two dollars from Jim Calkins." Even implacable Jeb Manners was staring, astounded, for a brief moment. The next second he had recovered.

"That's right nice, Jim. Sarah'll like this little piece for her fol-de-rols. Anyone want to raise?" He glanced significantly to the rear of the crowd.

Triumphantly, eyes glittering, he returned to Calkins.

"Got two and a half, Jim. How about three? It's a good 'un. Three and it's yours. Wrap it up for three, Jim."

Jen looked sideways at her father. His whole body was tense . . . eyes inscrutable, fixed directly on Manners . . . mouth pressed into a thin, hard line. His knuckles were white against the post. Jen wondered if it were supporting him—if he let go, he would fall.

Her head spun. *It was impossible. Not Dad!*

But a word was hammering on her brain—fitting . . . fitting . . . fitting. Then the words floated back to her:

"It is fitting you should have it." Why should she have said "fitting"? She had been puzzled by the word at the time, then promptly had forgotten it.

Manners was in his glory. That's what he liked . . . a little spirit . . . competition. *The gosh darned things that start them going. Who'd ever think that little trinket would take anybody's fancy?* He pushed his straw hat further back on his head and hitched up his jeans.

"How about it, Jim?"

Calkins nodded.

Mom was whispering in Jen's ear.

"Your father's gone crazy. Tell him not to spend the money for the fence. He only got five dollars for the new heifer this morning. He won't have a cent left." But her voice lacked its usual imperious tone.

The dealer raised the bid to four. He was slightly annoyed, but determined. He wanted to get the business over with as quickly as possible. Might as well bid four and get the farmer out of the way.

Manners glanced at Calkins.

"Five dollars."

The dealer sat down. *Darned if he'd pay a cent more for the thing. No profit. Never saw such a stubborn cuss in his life. Probably took half his income.*

Jen looked up. Her father had a strange expression on his face—strained and set. The realization surged through her now. And it all added up. Jen trembled with joy.

Mom was laughing delightedly. She was blushing . . . yes . . . suddenly warm and feminine. She poked Jen.

"What on earth's got into your father? He hasn't bought me anything for myself in fifteen years.

(Continued on page 16)

*A Back Bay rebel is presented by
Helen Burke in*

All Rivers RUN INTO THE SEA . . .

Several years ago after the publication of *The Lowells and Their Seven Worlds* I met a woman who is a member of that illustrious New England family. At her home I saw carefully preserved family heirlooms, and shelves lined with the works of James Russell Lowell. The atmosphere that evening glowed with a strong sense of family tradition, and I was by no means untouched by it. However, the whole scene came back even more forcibly later when I read *Lord Weary's Castle*, the collected poems of the young Pulitzer Prize winner, Robert Lowell. For although Lowell shares this same heritage he rejects it vehemently in poetry notable for strong rhythm, vivid imagery, and according to some critics, a high degree of obscurity.

In his flight from tradition the young poet found his way to the Catholic Church, and the title of the collection, taken from an old English ballad, tells of a weary Lowell building his castle on the Rock of Peter. In his poetry the "Savior who was hanged till death" is the focal point of the age old struggle between good and evil. This struggle is expressed in symbolism drawn from bleak, sea-swept New England:

*When the whale's viscera go
and the roll
Of its corruption overruns this
world
Beyond tree-swept Nantucket*

*and Wood's Hole
And Martha's Vineyard, Sailor,
will your sword
Whistle and fall and sink into
the fat?
In the great ash-pit of Jehoshaphat
The bones cry for the blood of
the white whale,
The fat flukes arch and whack-
about its ears,
The death-lance churns into the
sanctuary, tears
The gun-blue swingle, heaving
like a flail,
And hacks the coiling life out;
it works and drags
And rips the sperm-whale's mid-
riff into rags,
Gobbets of blubber spill to wind
and weather,
Sailor, and gulls go round the
stoven timbers
Where the morning stars sing
out together
And thunder shakes the white
surf and dismembers
The red flag in the mast-head.
Hide,
Our steel, Jonas Messias, in
Thy side.*

These localized images and the many personal references which also appear in no way narrow the scope of the poetry, for the theme is a universal one, and Lowell is conscious of this. In *The Memory of Arthur Winslow* he says:

The ghost
of the risen Jesus walks the
waves to run
Arthur upon a trumpeting black
swan
Beyond Charles River to the Ache-
ron
Where the wide waters and the
voyager are one.

Lowell is preoccupied with the problem of evil because he feels strongly the corruption of our civilization. We live a world that "out-Herods Herod". A line from the poem *In the Cage* describes it well:

It is night,
And it is vanity, and age
Blackens the heart of Adam.

Of all the evils of the day, the one which affects Robert Lowell most deeply is war. A conscientious objector during the last conflict, he cries out against the endless death and destruction in poems like *The Dead in Europe*:

Pray,
For us whom the blockbusters
marred and buried;
When Satan scotters us on
Rising-Day,
O Mother, snatch our bodies
from the fire:
Our sacred earth in our day was
our curse.

Unlike many contemporary poets Lowell often uses conventional verse forms such as the heroic couplet, but there is nothing conventional about his imagery. It is highly dramatic and there are layers of meaning. The world is a wheel turning in "the white water of Christ's blood", and "Christ God's red shadow hangs upon the wall". Phrases like "the snake-tailed sea-wind" and "jellied fire" illustrate the poets deft use of language.

"There is hope for poetry in these poems" says one critic, and we may add that there is also hope for mankind. For if there is unrest and rebellion here, there is also a great measure of peace, stemming from an ever-present awareness of the Maker. The castle stands firm as Lowell concludes in *Where the Rainbow Ends*:

At the high altar, gold
And a fair cloth, I kneel and the
wings beat
My cheek. What can the dove
of Jesus give
You now but wisdom, exile?
Stand and live,
The dove has brought an olive
branch to eat.

THE CRYSTAL TRAY (Cont'd)

Wastin' money on such trumferies," she chided, scolding. But her shining eyes belied her words.

Mom put out her hand for the tray. Dad handed it over mutely.

"Here's a red plush sofa, folks. Come all the way from An-joo on a sailin' vessel. It's a good 'un. Who'll

start us off?" The chant began again. The chatter resumed.

Mom turned to Jen. The delicate bit of crystal had touched a well-spring of generosity in her heart.

"Jenifer!" She beamed, "One of these days I'm going to give you this. But not today or tomorrow!"



ONCE UPON A JETTY . . .

LILIAN FOX

Softly, meaninglessly someone was playing a piano in the background . . . Carol looked down at the drink in her hand. Purposefully, she tilted the glass so the ice just tinkled against the side . . . the actual sound surprised her. Somewhere this had happened before . . . not the small crowded room . . . not the thick smoke . . . but the ice, the tinkling ice.

It was not yet sundown, a bunch of the college clique had gathered at Weber's cabana. They were just finishing one of the silly fraternity songs that shocked an occasional older club member . . . but for the most part did little more than cause a momentary wishful sigh for things past.

" . . . and everywhere he went he gave his war WHOOP!"

Carol held her glass up and shook it gently . . . the ice tinkled . . . "Listen to that, did you ever hear a more beautiful sound on a hot summer day?"

There was laughter and then Bruce was calling "Fol-de-row". He was a Yale man and conscious of it.

"As freshman first . . ."

"That's way too low, start it again."

"As freshman first we came to Yale . . ."

"Want to walk down to the jetty?" Chad's voice was deep and casual.

"Sure do!" Carol stood up and was climbing carefully over strewn bodies.

"Where are you going?"

"Where are they going?" Jim corrected . . . "and need you ask . . . they've practically beaten a path to that jetty."

"In Junior year we take our ease

We smoke our pipe and sing our glees . . . "

Carol and Chad waved back . . .

"They're right, you know."

"About the path?"

" . . . mm-hm!"

"So?"

"So we like to walk."

"Sure do . . . " Carol laughed.

Chad Graham was a unique boy . . . Phi Beta Kappa . . . though you might never guess it to see him bobbing along looking every inch the young collegiate wrestler that he was. Perhaps, he was not muscular looking but his broad shoulders betrayed the controlled power of the athlete. He was compact, that's the word, "compact".

There was something about his thick masculine eyebrows, that almost met . . . about his too regular features that gave him the ivy-league look . . . especially when he wore the seer-sucker suit, the Brooks Brothers one.

The girl at his side, Carol Straton, was tall and thin . . . but healthy looking. She had a glint of irrationality in her eye, the mark of the esthete. She walked and moved with disturbing calmness, so disturbing that you might just want to take her by the shoulders and shake her out of it . . . but the next instant seeing her standing there in a simple blue pique bathing suit you wonder why.

They were down by the ocean . . . Carol had brief ballet slippers on and the ebb tide had left a wide stretch of wet sand. The temptation was too great, she pulled away from Chad's

hand . . . and skipped in front of him. She hadn't studied ballet for five years for nothing.

He caught up to her . . . he was running . . . she ran now too. How often they had done this, spending the enormous vitality that had swelled in them, meeting the vitality of the pounding surf with their own, until they were almost one with it and the rolling sand and the blue; until at last Carol could go no further and sank to the sand. . . . Catching breath they walked slowly to the jetty rocks . . . crushing an occasional puff of spindrift underfoot . . . frightening a tiny sand piper into swift, wobbling retreat.

They climbed out on the rocks to a spot where the spray from the surf just reached them. How many soul-making hours had been spent there. Sometimes they'd bring a book of poetry and Chad would read . . . always Chad read. They had gone through parts of *An Introduction to the Devout Life* . . . and even earlier had philosophized over a Modern Library edition of *Alice in Wonderland*.

Now they were reading Kafka.

Chad had brought along *The Penal Colony*, it carried a fly-leaf inscription, "To Chad . . . in atonement, Dick." It was from another young intellectual who had not found time to write from his out-of-state university. He opened the book and began to read . . . he had read a little more than two pages when he glanced at Carol to catch a reaction. . . . Her blue eyes were open wide and a look of utter bewilderment was over her. A moment of realization and he lowered the book as a full masculine laugh burst from within him. He reached out and tussled the startled girl's hair . . .

"You look just like I felt the first

time I read it . . . give it time, it catches . . . "

He was delighted . . . so was she. He read on, she listened enthralled. The spell of Kafka was woven.

Almost with a single word . . . a glance . . . these two came to understand each other.

The surf crashed about them . . . the sun was mighty and powerful . . . the sand and the blue sky stretched on forever . . . summer is a time for love . . . summer love comes easy.

In the fall the wind blows . . .

Softly, meaninglessly someone was playing a piano in the background . . . Carol looked down at the drink in her hand . . . purposefully, she tilted the glass so the ice just tinkled against the side. Vic was saying something inane . . . something he had read three issues back in the New Yorker . . . Josie was laughing too convincingly . . . it was clever enough when she had read it, Carol reflected . . . but here?

The room was small and dark . . . the smoke was thick . . . there was the dull droll of a roomful of people being glib.

It was Greenwich Village . . . the Club No. 1 . . . small and exclusive. You had to know a head waiter to get in, or slip him a personal note. . . . The room was just below street level . . . people on the street were looking down from the barred windows . . . there was no air.

"Chad . . . " Carol turned to him.

"Yes," his voice was deep and casual . . . the casualness bounced back . . . there was room for it here.

"It was fun on the islands those three weeks . . . "

"Oh . . . "

"Well, not really . . . "

"Oh . . . " he wasn't even trying.

"Kind of dull, actually . . . " her voice trailed.

The words were ridiculous. She kept quiet and gave up looking for something to say to this suave, sophisticated boy that was Chad.

She sat staring at the wide silver bracelet on her arm . . . it was smart over the sleek red silk sleeve of her dress. She was aware suddenly that she was uncomfortable . . . she longed for the freedom of a blue pique bathing suit.

She devised a plan of how she might slip out . . . give the waiter a note for Chad . . . and just leave. Anything to be out of there, into the fresh air . . . anything to be alone. Alone with just the memory of a boy . . . and a beach . . . and a jetty and blue sky as far as you can see.

She sat back.

The smoke seemed thicker, the room smaller . . . and noisier.

Summer was the time for love . . . summer love comes easy. . . . In the fall the wind blows . . . it blows leaves from the trees . . . and blows sand over the beaten path . . . and blows summer love the way of leaves and of sand.

On Catching Falling Stars

Happiness

I properly chase

In the persistence of

This moment, pursuing and becoming it

Here
St. Joseph's College Library

Anne McBillings

245 Fulton Avenue

MORE THAN THE CLASSROOM

It is almost universally agreed that education is of a preparatory nature. And just as widely subscribed to is the development of the whole person theory: education should develop all the aspects of a personality, not merely the intellectual or vocational. Both of these principles are accepted as axioms by promoters of student government; in fact, they are the bases for such a system.

Any school which sends its graduates out into the world equipped with knowledge alone has failed. Knowledge, unaided, is incapable of meeting life's challenge. With knowledge must go an understanding of people, a spirit of co-operation, adeptness in dealing with others, initiative and responsibility. If not actually the best method, certainly one of the most workable, in terms of results, to achieve this is student government.

It is not, however, a painless procedure; student government can never claim powers as a wonder drug. Nor is it, usually, the most efficient system. Mistakes are often made, great amounts of time consumed, private plans must be constantly changed for the greater good, sacrifice of hours, recreation, associations and interests are frequently demanded; at times even personal feeling suffer.

Why then the preference for this arduous means over the more expeditious ones? The answer strikes at the roots of educational thinking. If the person taught is of greater importance than the subject matter, then optimum opportunities for the proper development of that person must be the provided. Self-administration of the student body supply the means to achieve this, faculty members become advisors and directors rather than absolute authorities in these fields.

Idealistic it may be, highly so, and the higher the ideal, the more difficult its execution. The accomplishment however is possible with sincere effort, mutual co-operation and some degree of maturity in all those affected. It becomes, once again, the theory put into practice for the determination of its validity.

Student government does much to destroy the sheltering from reality so often imputed to educational institutions. Under this system the student is faced with situations that demand judgments, decisions and actions, and moreover, the responsibility for them. By making remote possibilities proximate actualities, the reality of living in human society is introduced as the handmaid of the curriculum. Coupled with the development of a deep spiritual life that transcends both, student government becomes a most apt and effective preparation for life and a vital force in the harmonious integration of the student personality.

editorial comment

TO THE UNDERGRADUATES—

The occasion of the Twenty-Fifth Anniversary of Student Government here at St. Joseph's has vividly brought the topic into our consciousness. Much has been said, not only by the Undergraduates, but also by the Faculty and Alumnae concerning its organization, its present situation and suggestions for future improvement—but these are mainly external appraisals. There still remains a great deal to be said about the attitude of each individual student towards the functioning of her government.

The measure of its success is personal student responsibility. The workings of a democracy should not be concentrated in the hands of a few who are willing to accept this responsibility, but should be shared equally by all affected. This is the ideal situation.

This "student-student" relationship has certainly fallen into the background, so that now it is practically non-existent, as clearly evidenced by the reticence and reluctance to make U. A. Meetings, "meeting-forums," in the fullest meaning of the word. The only way to improve upon a government whose structure and organization are firmly set down is to *further develop the ideals by which it is governed.*

The best way to accomplish this is by an exchange of ideas among the students; by an active participation on the part of each student in the real labor of conducting effective student autonomy.

Few of us realized when entering St. Joseph's, that as members of a student body embracing democratic principles we must necessarily assume corresponding duties. In order to make your own four years fruitful and beneficial and also to make student government more effective you must live up to this vital trust.

This is too vital an age, too dynamic a century to allow the continuation of mere passivity. If we neglect our duty here and now, what assurance have we that once taking our places in society, we will be energized to shake off the inertia?

The most significant implication of student government is its service as a proving ground wherein we have the ideal opportunity to accept and embrace the challenge of leadership and more, to make mistakes, so that we at least will be prepared to meet similar situations in life.

Each of you is an integral part of this system and your support is necessary for its proper functioning. Make this Twenty-Fifth Anniversary worthwhile . . . restore the upset balance by a realization of and an alive constructive participation in our form of government which is the logical and best preparation for life in a democratic nation.

"Long Live UA!"

Loria has received letters from three past presidents of the Undergraduate Association, of years 1939, 1935, and 1930, all bespeaking increased enthusiasm for and appreciation of student governing experience.

Their opinions are well crystallized in a comment by Marguerite Doyle Ticho, president of UA in 1930:

"May Student Government always be maintained at St. Joseph's—not, perhaps, as we of the Class of '30 knew it, but a Government tuned to the needs of a fast-growing, progressive College."

On Acquiring Conscience Consciousness

Euthanasia is all but a hackneyed theme at this point, but there remain pertinent observations to be made in retrospect. Though it was not highly advertised, Carol Paight, of Bridgeport fame, professes herself a Catholic; her mother told of lighting candles when Mr. Paight underwent his operation. Even less publicized were the various schools Carol attended—none of them Catholic. We wonder if her course of action would have differed had her religious education been on a par with the secular. . . ?



"May We Have Your Attention, Please?"

SJC is nurturing its own generation of Hucksters. The young (still on probation; to be voted upon as permanent committee of UA this Spring) coordinating Publicity Committee has seized and made its own some mightily attractive advertising mediums. Latest wrinkle:—brief, jolly announcements of coming events over P. A. system, after prayers at five-of bell. Students catch themselves listening for disc jockey theme songs. . . .

"Please Don't Cut, But . . ."

A goodly number of programs boast classless Fridays, judging by our array in the Saint Patrick's Day Parade. In caps and gowns students stepped up Fifth Avenue behind the Gold and White. Last in line of march, St. Joe's topped off a fine tribute to New York City's favorite Saint.

The Humanities Fight Back . . .

Gone are the day when Science stood for Gain and Progress and Open-Minded Youth. Along with the awakening and thirst for spiritual values, there seems to be another trend towards discovering the real role of Science—considering it a failure as a satisfactory substitute for religion. The ad copy of Anthony Standen's *Science Is a Sacred Cow* puts it bluntly:

"For too many years we have apprehensively watched Science 'advance,' hoping that somehow everything would happen for the best, ours not to reason why. . . . We have seen our most cherished beliefs give way before the majestic phrase 'It has been scientifically proved,' and no one has dared to disagree.

"It's all very well for scientists to become enthusiastic about Science—but when they undertake to make it the guiding influence in our lives, it's time to call a halt."

Perhaps Mr. Standen's "civilized and witty examination of all aspects of Science" will gain a few more listeners to the contention of the primacy of Philosophy and Theology.

Easter Vacation Land

Around New York, we fortunate metropolitans had more chances this Spring than ever for seeing unique and famed cultural exhibits. Most popular, and greatly worth the time, were the Art Treasures from the Vienna Collection, lent by the Austrian Government. The Metropolitan Museum of Art housed these from February 23rd to May 21st, from whence they will be shipped to Chicago and San Francisco. We hope

no one, French majors or no, missed viewing L'Aiglon's golden cradle.

The Bible, and Stars

Now that most reviewers have discarded the "Look-see!" banners on their blurbs for Dr. Immanuel Velikovsky's *World in Collision*, the average reader might approach a sensible evaluation of the work.

Preposterous or wholly valid, this newest (and lengthiest!) explanation of our-world-and-why presents interesting interpretations of masses of ancient folklores. In an attempt to corroborate the miracles of the Old Testament, Dr. Velikovsky attributes to them secondary causes, such as runaway meteors. The consensus of academic scientific opinion seems to relegate *Worlds in Collision* to the field of interesting fable.

Do You Know an Alumna?

Alumnagram, St. Joseph's newest publication, seeks, by keeping alumnae informed of undergraduate and faculty interests and activities, as well as their own, to broaden, cement, and make more significant the bonds among all three. Its editorial board headed by Sr. Mary Winifred includes three undergraduate members.

One aspect of this mutual interest—i.e., underclassmen's, particularly seniors' desire for guidance—might be developed in an "Alumnae-Sister" relationship, whereby undergrads could meet their predecessors, discuss problems and prospects in specific fields, such as education and business, and probably benefit greatly by their practical experience.

MY BROTHER'S KEEPER

Eight years ago—do you remember? It was 1942, and the war was on. New York was a busy place to be in then; war industries expanding, men being drafted, and the city itself flooded with all kinds of Servicemen. I remember it too—especially the excitement of watching the ships in the East River from the top of a Fifth Avenue bus going over the Fifty-Ninth Street bridge—because there was always the hope that Bert and Len would be on one of them.

Bert and Len were inseparable in those days. Like 'ham and eggs'—or, as they would say, being Englishmen, 'fish and chips'. They had been a team in the Keyes Commandos, and were transferred to the easier anti-aircraft battery work in the Atlantic convoys, after a too-strenuous tour of duty in the Norwegian raids.

I first met them when they were given a two-week leave in New York. I forget whether it was Bert's or Len's mother who had known my grandmother in Newcastle once, but I do know that I opened the front door one day in early May, and saw them on the steps, with those neat brown Regulation suitcases in their hands. They looked smart and jaunty in British battledress and berets. Producing letters and an almost unintelligible explanation of how they had been told to come here if they ever had shore leave in New York, they were soon settled as guests in the house.

It was fascinating to have two such adventuresome characters staying with us. Commandos! I could hardly believe it. It suited the tastes of a danger-loving teen-ager perfectly. To my intense delight, Bert, the little dark-browed one of the pair, was expert at telling stories of his life—especially the Norwegian raids! Bombs exploding! The rattle of machine guns! Hair-raising escapes! That Southern raid when the return craft was missing!

"Lost in Italy for five days?" I exclaimed, in the middle of one of his recitals. We were in the kitchen, where I was washing up the dishes after breakfast. "It must have been awful!"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, ah, bad enough. But Len—'e didn't eat a bit of food the whole time I were gone. Not a drop to drink, hardly, either, and 'im back on the ship by 'imself." Bert whispered confidentially.

Len, who was much taller in height than Bert, and of a much fairer coloring, didn't go in for this kind of story-spinning. While Bert was telling me his yarns, Len sat on the back porch swing, staring off into space. For such a nice-looking, healthy young man, Len behaved with almost peculiar taciturnity. He never spoke, except for clipped, cryptic syllables, that only Bert could understand and interpret. He would sit with a painful rigidity, as though a poker had

been thrust down the back of his battlejacket, at all the meals and parties that the family gave for the two of them—in fact, though it was obvious that Bert was enjoying the attention we gave them, it was a seven-days-wonder to us that Len stayed at all; he seemed so unbearably shy and reticent and solemn about the whole business of being entertained.

With the usual unabashed curiosity of the young, I asked Bert why Len never spoke.

"'Im! 'E's always brooding and mooning," said Bert, disapprovingly. "'E's engaged."

Bert took a proprietary interest in Len that was hard to understand at first—until one day, Bert let slip a word about the time a shell explosion had knocked Len unconscious at Vaagso. Len's helmet had been caught between two rocks, while Len himself was being pulled down by his dead weight into the hollow space between them; his helmet chin-strap had tightened to an almost fatal tension before Bert found him and dragged him to safety.

"Makes me feel—well, you know, responsible for 'im," Bert said. "And 'e'd do anything for me, that's a fact."

The family threw a big farewell party when they left for their ship at the end of the two weeks. Bert darted through the gathering that night, making everyone laugh at his funny stories about Lancashire:

No daht, you've all 'eard about
Blackpool,
H'it's famous for fresh air and
fun. . . .

We were all very happy. Then, to our intense surprise, Len got up, in the middle of a lull, waved his moderate glass of beer expansively, and said:

"Did you know, my friends, that I am one of the luckiest men in the world?"

"What?" exclaimed my father, in disbelief. Up to that moment, he had thought that Len was incapable of speaking English.

"I am! I'm engaged to the most beautiful girl in the North of England, and 'er name is Alice! And tomorrow morning, at five A.M., I shall be going back to Alice!" He smiled beatifically at everyone in the room.

"Hooray!" we all shouted, to encourage him.

Bert said nothing.

"But if she's so beautiful, how can you be sure she's waited for you all this time?" My father was cynical at that point.

"Ah! Took care of that, I did! Gave 'er a lovely spade before I left, and said, 'Alice, this is to keep you busy digging in the garden 'til I come back.' That ought to fix all those pasty-faced munitions workers, right enough."

This piece of his mind delivered, Len relapsed into silence for the rest of the evening.

After they left, we all felt teary-eyed and patriotic for the next few days. But time passed quickly. We didn't see them for many months, then the months lengthened into years, and their images became very dim in our minds. We took it for granted that Len had married his Alice, and Bert had adjusted himself to the change—but it seems that it didn't turn out that way at all.

It was a cold day in January, 1945, that Len came back. He was able to give us a phone call before trying to find his way out to our house by the BMT. By what he said on the phone, we gathered that he was no longer with Bert. He'd been put on a Dutch ship, and was waiting

for a transfer home to England.

"Isn't that sad?" said my aunt. "They were so close. He'll be pitiful without Bert."

I suppose we all thought so, too—so it was understandable, when I opened the front door and led Len into the living-room, that most of the family went through the next hour or two in a fog of amazement. It was hard to believe that the preternaturally solemn young man we had known three years ago could have changed into the kind of man who now walked into our midst. He proceeded to charm everyone with his cheerfulness, animation, and rather "dashing" appearance.

His face was different—even I could see lines of responsibility and experience that had not been there before, but there was more than that there now. There was an indefinable impish wit hidden in his eyes that was new to us, and a sureness of talking that showed he could judge men, and order them about, too. He wore his "Monty" beret at a bold angle, and was properly non-committal about his new Sergeant's stripes and "fruit-salad" decorations.

Settling down with ease into one of the living-room chairs, he talked almost continuously that evening. He told us about his new friends on the Dutch ship, about the "pub" he was going to open with his father when he got demobbed—about anything and everything, except what was uppermost in our minds—his engagement, and Bert.

Finally, I threw caution to the winds. Using the prerogative as the youngest in the family to say tactless things, I boldly enquired:

"But Len! What about your en—well, I mean, what about Alice?"

He bent over a cigarette, lighting it carefully. We all waited.

"That, my lass, is a long story," he said; to my great relief, he was smiling. He even went so far as to laugh the peculiar laugh of his that was half-way between a chuckle and a grin, before he started to tell us what had happened.

Both Bert and Len had gone home to their town of Heathly, in Lancashire, after they left us in 1942. Bert was going to a welcoming party, and he insisted that Len come with him.

"Mind, I didn't really want to," Len said. He frowned. "I tried not to go, but I couldn't very well refuse Bert."

So they went to the party. It was a long one, and it ended very late—or rather, early in the morning of the next day. Bert thought it would be fine if Len would walk one of Bert's sister's girl-friends home in the blackout, since the girl lived on Len's street. Len agreed, reluctantly. As they were walking down the street, nearing the girl's house, he noticed the sound of two swiftly-striding pairs of heels approaching from the opposite direction. He could see the shapes in the dimness as they passed him. The sound of the heels stopped.

"Len!"

"Yes?"

He answered automatically, without thinking. It was the sealing of his fate.

Back came the sound of the heels, with an ominous ring to them.

"Well!" It was Alice. Her voice scaled a pitch of high indignation. "I am proper browned-off, I must say! Oh, don't open your mouth. Excuses! Excuses! They give me the pip. You can have your old ring, and your old spade! And don't you

ever come near me again."

The heels clicked off into the darkness.

"For goodness sake!" I broke in on him. "I never heard of anything so complicated!"

He looked at me, again ready to laugh.

"Ah, but it got worse! You remember, there was another woman with Alice? I didn't see 'er at first. It was *my* mother! So what my fiancée didn't give me for deserting 'er, my mother did. It was fair bleak on a chap, believe me."

That was the end of his engagement. Then he and Bert had a rather stiff argument about the whole matter the next day, and went their separate ways to a different pub on each side of Heathley that evening.

"Mind you, I was feeling right sorry about it for a while. Prize bit of nastiness, that, to fight with 'im, when he'd—well, he *did* save my life at Vaagso," Len said, with some embarrassment. "But we did get to-

gether back at the Southshields Naval base—for ten minutes. He was assigned to another ship, and they left me on the old ship, with a new rank of Corporal and three Royal Navy men under me as battery workers."

We all shook our heads. It was sad to think of them being separated. Later, when I was in the kitchen, cleaning up the supper dishes, Len came in, looking for some matches. I must have still looked a little nostalgic at his story, because he said:

"What's the matter, lass? Are you brooding?"

"Well, it's just that—well, I was thinking: didn't your heart just break when you'd lost Alice and Bert all at once?" I said hopefully.

"I'll tell you," he said, "I was fair bitter about it at first. Bitter, and sulky. But the oddest thing came over me after a while. It was—"

He waited, to find exactly the words for what he meant.

"For the first time in years, I felt—free!"

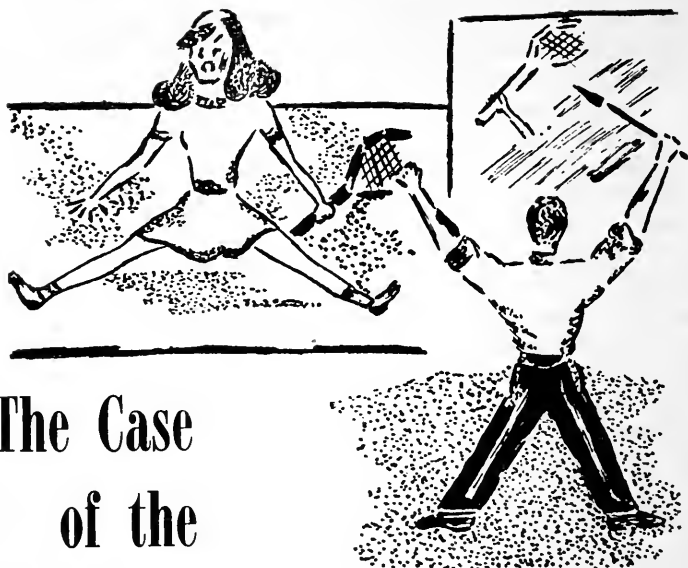
Mary-Joy

be it done unto me . . .

*Dawn fragrant, dusk fired,
Hushed gossamer sound
Comes crashing all time
And shattering all bound;*

*Bright thurible sends
Earth-incense on high:
The fiat is told;
Soul's gladdening is nigh.*

Betty Harkin



The Case of the Mortified Model

JOAN HEMPEL

You hoped you weren't late. You were hurrying down Bart Avenue; at least, you tried to hurry—but your knees kept interfering with each other—you came to the conclusion you were scared. Any new job was enough to get excited about, but this one, especially, unnerved you.

Just yesterday you had decided to walk down to Bart Art School and see if they could use you as a model. Miss Parker, after taking your name and address, asked if you had had any experience posing. You knew this question was coming, so you blandly replied, "Oh yes"—remembering the two or three photographs you had posed for.

"All right then. Go to Mr. Sterling's illustrating class at 7:00 tomorrow in Room 442."

It was just as easy as that—no credentials, no measurements—in

fact, she had hardly glanced at you. But you were wondering—did you wear the right clothes? Should you smile? How should you stand?

Well, here's Bart—it's now or never. You tripped or rather stumbled up the stone steps, then went directly to Room 442. You paused—entered hesitantly. No one paid any attention to you. You sidled over to the man who looked as if he might be the instructor, smiled a greeting.

"Oh, are you the new model?" he asked.

"Yes"—very low—almost inaudible.

"Very well, are you posing with or without clothes?" You tried to squelch that wide-eyed, startled look at this unexpected question.

"Oh, with," you replied casually, at least you hoped it sounded casual.

You hung your coat in the dress-

ing room. Everyone was looking at you, sizing you up, making you more than a little uncomfortable.

"We're going to do a portrait," announced Mr. Sterling—over his shoulder, "just assume some easy position that you will be able to sustain." You had no idea what any kind of position was, so you stood straight, with one hand on hip and one foot forward.

"That's fine, but relax, and turn your head this way." You relaxed, you wilted until you almost fell off the stand, and then twisted your head to the proper angle.

"All right, focus your eyes on that picture over there. You will pose for a half-hour, rest for five minutes, and then resume posing."

The class started working immediately. Some were using oils, some water colors, and others chalk.

"This is a cinch," you thought and just then glanced toward the back of the room, where two men were laughing and talking and looking at your legs.

"Oh, oh," you thought, "I've got a run"—then "Gee, I didn't know my legs were *that* funny" as you became a little warm—"Forget about yourself, they're probably not even thinking about you," you told yourself.

The clock ticked on—you were tired of watching the same spot on the wall, your eyes were crossing. What's that? The fellow in the front row was looking at you but with what a look! His eyes—squinting; his head—hanging sidewise; his brush, tracing something in the air. You just had to smile—he only reciprocated with a sour look. Your feet were beginning to feel uncomfortable. You tried a shift of weight, but this was too obvious a maneuver.

"Rest, please!"

What a relief—to sit down. How could you ever get up?

"Pose, please," came the voice after what seemed only a minute. You languidly climbed back on the stand and unconsciously fell into position.

A half-hour passed—and still another hour to go. Toward the end of the third half-hour, you were cursing the day high heels were invented, you were completely annoyed with the squinting artist. Your hand on your hip—fallen asleep; your spine—permanently curved, you were sure. You no longer felt human—you were a wooden thing, a puppet, bent by somebody else—but oh, those aches—they weren't so wooden! And that light—it had become so bright—and hot! The perspiration kept trickling down now and then, making you feel about as miserable as a dog with fleas. The call "Rest, please" was a God-send. You staggered off the stand and plumped down on the stool.

"You must be tired," said the fellow with the squint.

"Oh, no, not very, just a little." How could you lie like that?

"Oh well," said Mr. Sterling, standing by, "You can relax for the next half-hour. The class will do five-minute action poses."

"Action poses?" you questioned, looking blank.

"Yes, you know, pretend you are doing something. Pick something up, maybe."

"Uh—I've never done that, but I'll try."

You mounted the stand—desperately trying to think of some action. You thought of picking up a pail. You bent over, put one clenched fist near the floor to grasp the handle,

vainly trying to put the other hand someplace.

"No, no—that's too mechanical and rigid; we want action!"—from the instructor.

You straightened up, just stood there and looked at him. If only you could fly out of the room!

"Did you ever play tennis?" Mr. Sterling interrupted your desperation.

"Yes"—suspiciously.

"Well, pretend you are going to serve—yes, that's it, that's fine, now hold that."

You held it, all the while searching for other poses. Ah, your forehand, that could be next.

"Change, please"—so you took your tennis forehand.

"Change, please"—and you bereft of ideas. Again you just stood there, looking down thoughtfully, scratching your head.

"Did you ever ski?" asked Mr. Sterling kindly.

You nodded, remembering some childhood spills.

"Can't you imagine you are coming down a slope with knees bent and poles behind?" You bent your knees as unrealistically as any skier could bend his knees; you grabbed the poles.

"Your poles are going the wrong way," corrected the instructor. Why didn't the building collapse? Or why didn't you? After two more grotesque poses, nine o'clock came.

"Thank you, Miss, we'll see—". Crash—you forgot the step from the stand and landed on something more substantial than your feet.

"Are you all right?" they asked, rushing to help you up.

"Yes, sure," but how could you look at anyone? This was it. Nothing had gone right and now—you were just a heap of mortification on the floor. You got up, literally ran to the dressing room—a rocket couldn't beat you to the street.

You walked back down Bart Avenue, your coat collar way up, your head way down. All of a sudden, you had to laugh—it really was funny. It had seemed tragic—because it was you. You were caught at your own game, posing as a model. The more you thought of those ridiculous poses, the more you had to laugh.

Then, all at once, you knew—regardless, you'd practice some good poses, go back the next night, and show them what you were made of!

The Enchanted

*As morning and evening embrace each other, in the silence of a closing day,
And the moon comes tiptoeing across the dark carpet of the sky
A gentle breeze wafts across the moving bay,*

*Stirring thoughts—not to question why
But to contentedly accept the solitude of this grassy dell
With its tiny petaled flowers nestling in the twilight dew.*

*A name is called that breaks the spell,
I turn and run to you.*

Terese Doyle

RESTLESS IS OUR HEART

No matter under what aspect Saint Augustine is studied, the salient feature which immediately commands attention is the all-pervading importance of Love in his life and works. Indeed, his entire philosophy may be reduced to the love of God, to a practical-ethical basis. All truths, whether natural or supernatural, are important because they draw the soul towards God and holiness. As a result of this viewpoint Augustine's ethics does not form a separate section in his works but is clearly presented in all his writings and scientific investigations.

However, no purely natural ethics can be found in Augustine. As he usually unites philosophy and theology, so he combines ethics with revealed doctrine, particularly with the doctrine of grace. He proves the inseparability of dogma and morality. For the most part, his ethics is Catholic ethics, although in some respects, as in his consideration of slavery, he is not strictly orthodox.

Another factor which explains Augustine's insistence on ethics throughout his life is his theocentrism. God is the beginning and end of all things, their cause and terminus. He creates and conserves us in existence, He gives us a special light whereby we know even natural truths, (the famous Divine Illumination), He gives us grace, the indispensable aid to a good life. Ethics, therefore, studies Him as the Supreme Good, and cause of all moral good.

In proving that God is the Highest Good, Augustine considers the desire for happiness motivating all men. He states that no man can be happy unless he both loves and enjoys the chief good without any danger of loss against his will. This chief good, however, cannot be pleasures of the body because they lead ultimately to satiety. Rather, the chief good of the body is that by which it comes to be in its best state. Therefore, the soul, since it gives life to the body, is its chief good, and man's chief good will be that which perfects the soul. Augustine finds the perfection of the soul in virtue, in following God from Whom only our own will can separate us.

This highest good is to be possessed by observing God's order, the eternal law flowing conjointly from His intellect and will. His intellect chooses this world from the indefinite number of possible worlds and gives it its order. His will commands conformity to this order. All existing things are governed by the eternal law, irrational creatures blindly by necessity, and man intelligently by conformance with the natural law.

When man does not conform to the ethical order he commits sin. Here lies Augustine's originality—he conceives sin as a violation of the eternal law, as direct opposition to God's infinite majesty. This is sin's real malice. Man rejects God and makes creatures his ultimate end. Sin, therefore, residing in the will

and consisting in the transgression of the eternal order, is a deficiency, a negation, a privation, and not a nature or substance as the Manicheans thought.

Although sin is the negation of the eternal law, it nevertheless comes under its scope insofar as it brings a punishment. The foremost penalty is the deprivation of the Highest Good which is sharply felt in spite of the momentary delusion of happiness created by the possession of created goods. In fact, the sinner finds a strict intrinsic relation between his sin and his punishment.

The primary cause of moral evil is, of course, man's perverse use of free will by defecting from the Highest Good. Concupiscence, however, is a remote cause of sin. Above all, pride is the beginning of sin, for the concupiscence of the eyes and of the flesh, powerful as they are, have their source in pride. Indeed, self-love culminating in the contempt of God created the terrestrial city which is in opposition to the celestial city created by the love of God and culminating in contempt of self.

Since sin frustrates union with the Highest Good, it must be unconditionally removed from the road that leads to God. This is effected through an incessant mastering of the emotions, a detachment from sensible goods, and a complete purification. This is not to condemn things sensible but rather to indicate the following of a proper order and moderation in their use. However, in the sphere of the sensible, as in regard to the sex instinct, Augustine, by laying down more severe requirements, goes further than the other Fathers of the Church, and indeed, beyond the limits of Catholic doctrine.

The purification of the soul, so in-

dispensable for the possession of the Highest Good, is brought about through the cardinal virtues which Augustine looks upon as taken from four forms of love. *Temperance is love giving itself entirely to that which is loved; fortitude is love readily bearing all things for the sake of the loved object; justice is love serving only the loved object and therefore ruling rightly; prudence is love distinguishing with sagacity between what hinders it and what helps it.* God is, of course, the object of this love. These cardinal virtues will lead man to contemplation, whose native atmosphere is eternity.

In addition to the cardinal virtues, the theological virtues are necessary for the acquiring of the Highest Good. Charity, or the love of God and neighbor, is the basis of all morality, the foundation and criterion of Christian perfection. It is not only the measure of a morally good life, but is this life itself, or virtue in general. Augustine's emphasis on love may be seen succinctly expressed in his own words, "Love, and do as you wish", for this great love will show itself in the fulfillment of personal and social duties.

Besides theocentrism, another characteristic of Augustine's tenets is his ardent interest in man, but man in relationship to God. God is not only the Highest Good but the cause of all good, particularly moral good. Thus, all good in man is the work of God's grace of which Augustine distinguishes a twofold order. The first embraces the grace of natural virtues, the second, the grace necessary for acts of supernatural value. To Augustine, the necessity of God's help is evident when you consider the supernatural character of our ultimate end which so far exceeds

(Continued on page 36)



I Love St. Joe's!

STELLA MacNEILL



"People say, 'Am I in love?' I always answer 'Yes.' "

. . . so go the words of *I've Told Every Little Star*. They are particularly apropos for me because for three years I've been telling every little star and a great many people that I'm in love with St. Joseph's. I really am, and though it's usually a casual response to a casual question, I'm glad to tell them now how much S.J.C. means to me.

It means lots of nice associates—the girls are the kind you like to be with—at a ballet, an art exhibit, a beach-party or a football game. They're a gay crowd, laugh easily, and youthful. It's fun to talk to them about dates, fashion and records.

You can get to know them best after class, in the different activities. Many a confidence is exchanged when you're painting flats in the Prop room, or cutting decorations for a dance. Singing together at Glee Club or playing a fast game of ping-pong in the tournaments, you soon recognize the friendliness and generosity that make these girls wonderful companions. As you spend more

and more of your time at the college you find that they are friends who wear well. You like having breakfast with them after Mass, and having supper at the Venice before Nocturnals. You like talking to them about more serious things—careers, marriage, life. You find that they have good ideas about more important things than the yearbook and how to pay for the Rec room furniture; they are beginning to think their problems through for themselves.

The other good friends you make are the faculty. Each of them has something important to add to your life . . . an appreciation of music and fine arts; the enrichment that comes through a knowledge of Literature; the wonder of Philosophy; the Truth that is the Church. So often it is their understanding and advice, their approval and encouragement that have inspired you to do the best you can in all things. Whether you are counting on them to make that new "date" feel welcome at a dance, or to suggest a solution to a personal problem, or for prayers when you're all mixed up about something, they are there to help you.

Besides the people at St. Joe's, I also like the other things . . . the classes, the books, the ideas. Learning is exciting in college. It's not only preparation for the sort of life you want after graduation; it's actually living what you learn. Maybe you never knew what was in that "unknown" in the Chem Lab, but it was engrossing to apply all the tests trying to find out. Creative Writing showed you it could be done—you could break into print—as you proudly read your story in *Loria*. Then the Philosophy courses! How glad you were that they were required when you found after a few months of Cosmology that there might be something to this Hylemorphic theory! And how different your concept of God was after Theodicy; First Cause, Prime Mover, Pure Act—those ideas led to an unexplored world of thought. That was it! For the first time in your life you were thinking, not accepting; and *What a Big, Wide Wonderful World You Live In* when you do that!

Finally I like the underlying principles upon which St. Joseph's stands. Democracy, liberty under law, complete autonomy . . . these are the essences of student government. It's not the most efficient form of administration—you know that well enough as you recall the Tuesday mornings when the Council minutes were not typed and ready to be posted. But the knowledge that the student herself

is invested with responsibility and authority urges you to fulfill that trust and do your best.

I've liked being a U.A. officer. Seeing how completely, and at times incompetently, we manage the Student Activities Funds is startling. I'm sure I would have been fired from any respectable bank for the multitude of errors before the new adding machine was installed. But the reports did balance at the end of the year and I had had an incomparable experience in accepting responsibility. Other duties—reminding girls about ink in the Rec and studying in the Red Room, and silence in the library, while hardly interesting, are all part of that responsibility.

I like writing my exams in an unproctored room. The Honor System makes the individual aware of her personal integrity and honesty. It's one of the many instances at St. Joseph's where you get what you deserve. So is the cut system. When I'm overcut I know who is to blame.

I like the religious life of the college. There are many opportunities to become closer to God; and once again it's my loss if I don't take them. No one forces me to do anything. But there's a wealth of Graces that's mine for the taking, and a lot to learn from the Divine Teacher in Whose house we live.

So that when people ask me how I like St. Joe's, I say, "I love it!" . . . Don't you?

LOVE'S Duration

Love is forever

And a day of light

Laughter at noon.

Love is the dawn of a life

Time in eternity

And sanctity soon.

Mary Heslin



whitlings.

P.E. 24

Down to the lockers you rush,
Minutes?—You have three!
Off with your shoes and stockings;
Let your toes wiggle free.
Run down to the gym;
Feeling fine?—Of course!
But at the end of the hour,
You're filled with remorse.

You do bends and flips
And muscular tensions,
Hops and jumps, and
Abdominal extensions.
You strengthen your arms,
You strengthen your legs;
Your limbs start to feel
Like stiff wooden pegs!
For a little relief,
Your Maker you implore;
As you lie, with muscles aching,
On the gym's hard floor.
Then comes the call,
That seems heaven to you:
"To the showers, my hearties,
This week it's group two!"
Up to the lockers you rush,
Minutes?—You have three!
Of the "DANCE" no more you'll think
'Til the next class of P.E.

Joan McAbee, '54

★ ★

Indefinitions — SURPRISE HOUR
QUIZ—fifty minute shock treatment
for the U. S.*

LONG CARD RESERVE—short term
pledge that guarantees one's pres-
ence in the library at least one hour
of almost every day.

★ ★

College-Bred Car—One of the
undergrads, who drives to school
daily, is looking for a good "trade-
in" on her present model.

She expects a very high cash re-
turn because, she points out, "Won't
I get more money for a car that's
been going to college for the last
three years?"

★ ★

Tee-Hee!—During a recent Eng-
lish history class, the professor began
to write the name, "Stephen", on the
black board. When she had finished,
however, she had put only, S-e-p-
h-e-n.

Looking at the word, she asked,
"Have I left something out?"

Whereupon one bright student re-
plied, "You certainly have. Who ever
heard of an Englishman without his
't'?"

* Unsuspecting student.

Elegy in a Library Reading Room

The curfew tolls, the knell of parting day.

A stillness settles over S.J.C.

The Freshmen homeward trip their merry way,

And leave St. Joe's to darkness and to me.

Now fade the empty classrooms on the right

And all the air a solemn stillness holds;

Yet in the English room there burns a light

And fev'rish industry, as literature unfolds.

The strength of grade, the stagg'ring power of mark

And all that heated cramming ever gave

Await me, e're tomorrow shall be dark!

The paths of learning lead but to the grave.

Far from the madding crowds' ignoble strife,

I cram from early morn 'til very late;

Along the warm, tumultuous way of life,

The portion of an undergraduate.

Still I, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
Must slave all night without relent;
Until, as rising sun announces day,
I fall exhausted, worn, and spent.

Epitaph

Here rests her head upon the open books,

A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown,

On whom Scholarship unkindly looks
And blue books claim her for their own.

Betty Harkin, '51

On Coming Unprepared to Class

The chair beneath you tends to shake,
Your next reaction is to quake;

You're filled with sudden self-reproach,

You feel the steady, sure approach—
"A quiz," he says, "ten minutes' length."

There is a rapid loss of strength.

"Why didn't I study last night?" you say;

"I was sure he'd give no quiz today!"

You resolve to "cram" for the very next quiz—

Until this happens again—that is!

RESTLESS IS OUR HEART (Cont'd)

man's capacity as man. Another weighty argument is original sin with its weakening effects on man, which renders God's help indispensable. God gives both the power and the will to persevere in a morally good life. God does this in such a way, that the act of the will is the work of both God and man, and at the same time, free. Augustine insists on this freedom throughout his doctrine on human acts which merit supernatural salvation, there is always the sup-

position that there is liberty of will.

Augustine's ethics has God as its end, and as the source of moral growth for man. Love is the heart of Augustine's ethics which could best be summarized in the precept, *Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, and with thy soul; and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbor as thyself.* This is the means by which is found that "Beauty ever ancient, ever new," which Augustine so well loved.

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